

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CL.—NO. 43.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 4, 1908.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,424.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

181 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1874, and is now in its hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published continuously since that time. It is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, impartial and valuable. It is a household necessity in this and other states. The limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Macabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 879, Foresters of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butler, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss E. M. Chase, President; Miss H. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burdick, Master Workman; Perry R. Drury, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 3, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss E. M. Chase, President; Miss H. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

RENEWAL LODGE, No. 11, K. O. P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

GLAN MCLROD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander C. Giles, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was rather busy, there being several important matters brought up. The regular weekly payrolls were approved and several quarterly reports were received. A petition from the Shiloh Baptist Society for remission of taxes on its property on Mary street was referred to the tax assessors. Many applications for licenses of various kinds were received and approved. Mayor Clarke was directed to sign the contract with the Newport Gas Light Company for furnishing lights for the city.

Loring, Tallman & Tupper of Boston were the lowest bidders for discounting the city's notes for \$35,000 in anticipation of taxes, and they were given the notes. There were five other bids received.

There was a little talk about the old reservoir in different parts of the city, built many years ago for the use of the fire department before there was a public water supply. There seemed to be no further use for them and the street commissioner was directed to fill them up.

Alderman Cottrell reported on the cost of the strip of land needed to straighten the line of the Edward Farewell school and the report was received. Mayor Clarke and Alderman Anthony were authorized to deal with the Newport Hospital in regard to placing a water tank near Hazard Reach. Mayor Clarke was authorized to have a rough plan prepared for the ventilation of the council chamber so that estimates can be procured. It was decided to have an executive meeting Tuesday night when police matters will be discussed.

City is Liable.

The Supreme Court finds that the Warren Brothers Company are entitled to recover from the City of Newport the amount of their claim for paving a portion of Spring street near the falls of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company. The city's claim was that the railway was liable for the payment for that strip of the payment under its franchise and they said that the paving contractor must look to the street railway for payment. The contractors brought suit against the city, the amount claimed being \$1,408.21. The court has just handed down a decision, approving their claim and directing a judgment for the full amount with interest.

Representative Council.

The representative council has had two sessions within the past week, the first on Friday night of last week and the second on Tuesday night. At both the attendance was small, indicating a very marked lessening of interest in the sessions.

Chairman Sheffield called the meeting to order, but as he was obliged to leave early Dr. C. A. Brackett was elected chairman pro tem. Under suspension of the rules a communication was received from the school committee transmitting the report of Chief Engineer Kirwin in regard to the changes necessary in the school buildings to make them safe. The communication stated that an estimate of the expense had been made and there would be needed \$6,050. A resolution appropriating that amount was presented and was passed after an amendment reducing the amount to \$1,655 had been lost.

A gift of \$10 from an unknown donor was accepted and added to the funds for the relief of the poor.

The consideration of the building ordinance was then resumed at the point where it was broken off at the session two weeks before. Some of the members wished to hurry it through believing that there would be plenty of opportunity to suggest amendments even if the entire ordinance were not read through. There was objection to this method of procedure however and the sections were read and discussed separately. Mr. J. B. Sullivan suggested a number of amendments as the reading progressed, some of which were adopted and others were not. The consideration of the ordinance took a long time, but after all the sections had been discussed the ordinance was taken up as a whole and was passed.

The matter of ventilation for the council chamber was brought up by Mayor Clarke who suggested that instead of cutting windows the ventilator shaft be connected with the room, which would be better and would cost less. It was voted to leave the method of ventilation with the board of aldermen.

Mayor Clarke also presented a draft of the law creating a sinking fund commission. This provides for a board of three members to be elected for three years who shall with the mayor and chairman of the council constitute the sinking fund commission. The council voted to direct the city solicitor to secure its passage by the General Assembly.

Mayor Clarke brought up the matter of a filtration plant at the Newport Water Works and had a proposition to submit, which he had considered with the president of the Water Works. It was so late however that the members of the council did not wish to stay longer and a recess was taken until Tuesday evening.

Dr. Brackett as chairman pro tem called the council to order Tuesday evening. There was a short delay while waiting for a quorum, but several members came in late, making a sufficient number to transact business. The Water Works matter was at once taken up and Mayor Clarke presented the form of tentative agreement reached by his conference with the officials.

The tentative contract as submitted provides that the Water Works Company shall at once begin the construction of a proper filtration plant and have it finished and in operation as soon as may be, and that when it is finished only filtered water suitable in every way for drinking and domestic purposes shall be supplied to the people of Newport. In return the only thing asked of the city is that the exclusive franchise shall be continued for the period of six years from the time of its present expiration which will make 25 years yet to run, and that the city pass suitable ordinances to prevent pollution of the water supply and to prevent unnecessary waste of water.

Mr. J. B. Sullivan asked if the contract had been entered into and was informed that it had not. He then proceeded to speak against the agreement, holding that the water company should be compelled to provide pure water without any concession on the part of the city. He was followed by Judge Burke who spoke along similar lines. Mr. McLeod thought that the water company was willing to do all that was right and that it was not paying extravagant dividends. He saw no reason why the contract should not be entered into. Mayor Clarke spoke in support of his proposition and said that he did not think that he had been fooled when he decided that it was for the best interests of the city to enter into this contract. Judge Burke presented a substitute resolution which was adopted as follows:

Resolved, by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, that a committee of five members be appointed by the chairman, which said committee shall have full power to examine into and report upon all matters in

connection with the following questions:

1.—The supplying of water to the City of Newport and its inhabitants by the Newport Water Works.

2.—Whether or not a filtration system is necessary or needful for the purpose of filtering all water supplied to said city and its inhabitants, and whether or not filtered water is required to be furnished by the Newport Water Works to the city and its inhabitants under its act of incorporation, franchise and contracts.

3.—The rates and terms which the said Newport Water Works should furnish water to the inhabitants of said city.

4.—Whether or not said Newport Water Works will sell to the city of Newport its entire plant and property of every description, and as to the price at which the said Newport Water Works will sell the same to the city.

5.—Whether or not said Newport Water Works and all of its property can be acquired by the city of Newport by condemnation or other proceedings.

6.—Whether or not it is advisable for the city of Newport to purchase or to own said Newport Water Works and to supply the inhabitants of the city with water for all purposes.

7.—The rates for the supply of water to the inhabitants of Newport, as compared with other cities.

Said committee shall have and may exercise all the powers and authority conferred by law to compel the attendance of witnesses or the production of books, papers or documents, so that said committee may be able to intelligently report upon or make recommendations concerning the foregoing questions.

Chairman Brackett announced that he would appoint the committee later.

A resolution was passed giving the board of aldermen authority to purchase a reading desk for the clerk.

Under suspension of the rules an ordinance was introduced by Mr. Pitman giving the chief engineer of the fire department authority to enter places of business and if he finds inflammable material scattered around to order it cleaned up. There was some question about the wording of the ordinance, and the matter was referred to the city solicitor to draw up an ordinance covering the matter.

A resolution was passed directing the board of aldermen to ascertain what repairs are needed to the City Hall and to report an estimate of the cost.

The meeting then adjourned.

Malbone Lodge.

The regular weekly meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 33, N. E. O. P., was held in Mercury Hall on Thursday evening. It was eight o'clock when the Warden of the Lodge, Mrs. W. D. Tew, called the meeting to order. After the transaction of regular business the lodge room was opened to members and their friends. After all were seated at the tables Mr. Dudley E. Campbell, Junior Past Warden, called the attention of all present to the special inducements that Malbone Lodge is offering to obtain new members, stating that all it will cost any person to join this lodge until June 1st will be the quarterly dues and the regular assessment fees. He also stated the importance of each person, man or woman, carrying a benefit and he emphasized the promptness with which Malbone Lodge had always paid all her claims. His remarks were followed closely by all present.

At 8:40 whist was started, play being in order for two hours. At the finish there was a tie for the ladies' first prize between Mrs. John Radford and Mrs. Harry S. West, the latter winning in cutting, so Mrs. West secured the first prize and Mrs. Radford the second, while Mrs. Frank M. Lawton won the third.

In the contest for the gentlemen's prize, Mr. George W. Callahan won the first and there was a tie for the second between Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., the latter playing a gentleman's part. Dr. Sweet was awarded the second prize and Mrs. Sweet the third. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

Colonel J. H. Willard, formerly in charge of the land office of the United States engineer department, has returned from a trip to Panama and speaks very enthusiastically of everything that he saw there. He went over the whole territory with Colonel Goethals, the engineer in charge, and was greatly impressed with the thoroughly complete organization and with the progress that is being made daily.

The work of laying the new pavement on Thames street will be begun next Monday morning when Street Commissioner Sullivan will have a gang of men at work ripping up the present paving. Work will start at Washington square and move south down the street in order to get the busiest section finished first.

The park commission has contracted with three local bands to give the public concerts on the parks during the coming summer. The government bands did not get a part of the contract this year. The three bands engaged are the Newport, Newport Military and Citizens' Bands.

Mrs. Clarence U. Coffin has been visiting in the city the past week.

Sold to Woolworth.

There has been an important business transaction in Newport this week, the stock and good will of the Five & Ten Cent Store owned by McMullin & Holmes having been purchased by Woolworth & Co., who last spring opened a Five & Ten Cent Store in the new building of Joseph Haile at Thames street and Swan avenue. For the past year there has been very keen competition between these two establishments, which has ended by the purchase this week.

The active head of the McMullin & Holmes store has been Mr. Edward S. Holmes, who came here from Boston in 1896 and opened up his store in the Eagle building now occupied by Alex. N. Barker & Son. After the fire which marked the end of the Model Clothing Company he moved into the Hogan building, formerly occupied by them, and a large addition was built on the rear to take care of the growing business.

An inventory is now being taken of the stock in the store, the doors having been closed to the public Thursday night. The stock will at once be transferred to the Woolworth stores, here or elsewhere, and then Mr. Holmes will begin a remodeling of the interior of the store to fit it for a moving picture theatre. A modern front will be put in, with a deep vestibule, and he expects to have one of the best equipped places of the kind in New England. There will be ample seating capacity for 600 persons without crowding.

It seems that the attempt made recently to revive the mining of coal in the town of Portsmouth has again been abandoned. Contrary to former operations work was begun this time at the shaft on the easterly side of the island instead of the one on the railroad. A little work in clearing up was done but the operators evidently found that it would not be profitable to take out coal. Some day some one will find a way to burn Rhode Island coal and then the immense vein on this island will be profitable, but apparently that time is not yet.

Mr. Alex. N. Barker has been elected a trustee of the Island Cemetery Company to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Lewis L. Simmons. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Robert S. Franklin, president; Henry C. Stevens, secretary and treasurer; Andrew K. McMahon, superintendent; Robert S. Franklin, George H. Wilbur and William J. Easton, committee on grounds.

Mr. Henry H. Thorndike died at his home in East Bridgewater on Saturday last. He was a native of Malanzas, Cuba, but was a resident of Newport for many years. He is survived by a widow and two children. The deceased was an uncle of Mr. Henry A. Thorndike, of this city. The body was brought to this city on Tuesday and interred in the family plot in the Island Cemetery.

The announcement is made by cable from Hungary of the marriage, on March 16th, of G. Andrews Moriarty, Jr., United States Consul General at Fiume, Hungary, to Olga Gillingham, daughter of Professor Bokor, of the University of Budapest, Hungary.

Rev. William Safford Jones sails from New York to-day on the Carmania for Liverpool in company with Mr. John Cooper Powys. He will spend about six weeks abroad.

Miss Titcomb of the City Clerk's Office is taking a much needed rest and her place is being filled during her absence by Mrs. Joseph W. Albion.

Mr. David M. Coggeshall was taken ill at the City Hall on Tuesday and removed to his home on Ayraut street.

Mr. Perry Hill has been in town this week as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Walter N. Hill, on Church street.

Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the United Congregational Church, is enjoying a much needed rest.

Mrs. Edward H. Bulkeley has arrived here from New York and taken apartments at the La Forge cottage.

Captain Willis C. Metcalf received word the past week of the death of his father in Cuba on March 24th.

Mrs. Harwood E. Read, Jr., has returned to Washington, after visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. John P. Simmons has returned to her home in Bristol after visiting relatives in this city.

Miss Lottie B. Tripp has been confined to her home on Bull street by toothache.

Mr. Henry F. Rooney is slowly improving from his recent severe illness.

Dr. C. W. Stewart has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Hase are visiting in New York.

St. George's School has closed for the Easter vacation.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Joseph P. Cotton.

Mrs. Joseph P. Cotton passed away quietly and peacefully at her residence on Park street last Saturday night, being the victim of an attack of heart disease. For some time it had been known that her heart was affected but, although she had been able to attend to her many interests about as usual. When she retired Saturday night she had not apparently felt badly, but when morning came she could not be aroused and it was found that life had departed.

Mrs. Cotton was a devout Christian woman of a most lovable personality. She was devoted to her husband and family and entered with zest into all their interests. A woman of brilliant intellect and broad education, her influence and encouragement helped to carry her sons through the long period of preparation to fit them for the high professional standing that they now hold. She was a member of a number of organizations devoted to serious purposes and in all of them she occupied a high position. She was a member and active worker in the United Congregational Church for many years. She was a member of the Current Topics Club, the Civic League, and the Newport Auxiliary of the International Medical Mission.

She is survived by her husband, Captain Joseph P. Cotton, and two sons, Dr. Fred J. Cotton of Boston and Mr. Joseph P. Cotton, Jr., of New York.

Funeral services were held at her late residence on Park street Wednesday noon and were largely attended, being of a very simple nature. Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the United Congregational Church, officiated. The pall bearers were Messrs. Nicholas Underwood, T. T. Pitman, Robert Frame and Roland J. Easton. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Wedding Bells.

Brownell-Cornstock.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the parsonage of the Channing Memorial Church on Kay street Thursday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Grace Evelyn Cornstock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Cornstock, and Mr. George W. Brownell. The room where the ceremony took place was handsomely decorated for the occasion, Rev. William Safford Jones officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, was most becomingly gowned in a dress of white silk trimmed with Irish crochet lace and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses. There were no bridesmaids, ushers or best man.

A reception followed the ceremony at the Channing parlors, where a large number gathered to offer their congratulations to the young couple. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownell left later in the evening on their wedding trip and on their return will reside on Channing court. They will be at home to their friends after May 15.

It is announced from New York that Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has instituted a suit against her husband for either a divorce or a legal separation. The papers were filed in New York within an hour after the departure of Mr. Vanderbilt for Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Seabury have returned from their trip to Bermuda.

Jamestown.

At the annual town meeting on Wednesday the following officers were elected without opposition: Moderator—Henry G. Knowles; Town Clerk—William F. Caswell; Town Council—William A. Barber, John E. Braman, Charles Soule, John R. Caswell, William F. Davis; Town Treasurer—Edwin G. Knowles; Town Auditors—William P. Champlin, 2d, William H. Severance.

Assessors of Taxes for Five Years—Henry H. Tucker; four years, George L. Barber; three years, Job F. Ellis; Town Sergeant—Job F. Ellis; Tax Collector—Harry F. Stubbs; School Committee for Three Years—Thomas G. Carr.

Overseer of the Poor—Amos L. Peckham; Town Committee for the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company—Isaac H. Clarke, John E. Watson, Alvin H. H. Peckham.

Middletown.

FINAL CANVASS OF VOTING LISTS.—The Town Council held a meeting as a Board of Canvassers on Friday, the 27th ult., and made the final canvass of the voting lists. Especial interest was manifested in the canvass by representatives of the Republican Town Committee and of the Citizens' Association, William R. Harvey of Newport appeared for the former, also Joel Peckham and Arthur H. Peckham. The latter were represented by Philip A. Brown, Joseph L. Chase, James W. Peckham and Alvin F. Smith. There was a free interchange of opinion respecting the right of certain persons

to vote, but no name elicited any extended discussion. As completed, the general list of voters included 285 names and the list on all questions 285.

The following amounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: Lionel H. Peabody and Arthur L. Peckham for services as members of the Public School Committee two years, \$8.00 each; Thomas G. Ward for services as Town Sergeant, \$5.00; Joshua Coggeshall services as member of Board of Canvassers and Deputy Town Clerk, \$3.00; Philip Caswell, 2 days' canvassing, \$4.00; Arthur W. Chase, 3 days' canvassing, \$5.00; William B. Hunter, 3 days' canvassing, \$5.00; John H. Peckham, 1 day canvassing, \$2.00; Thomas G. Ward, bounty due sundry persons for killing one dog and fourteen skunks, \$9.00.

ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.—The annual town meeting held on Wednesday was fully attended, about 260 voters being present and voting. As expected, there was an animated contest over the election of town officers. The Citizens' Association and Republicans had made counter nominations for most of the offices and there was a long series of halloing, which continued until five o'clock. There were also four propositions before the meeting, involving appropriations for the highways and putting electric lights in the town hall. William L. Brown presided as Moderator. The vote in detail ran as follows:

For Moderator—William L. Brown, Cit., 151; Lewis R. Mauchester, Rep., 85. Plurality for Brown, 56.

For Town Council—No. 1, Joshua Coggeshall, Cit., 162; A. Herbert Ward, Rep., 88; Harry E. Peckham, 2. Plurality for Coggeshall, 54. No. 2, Philip Caswell, Cit., 161; Henry F. Chase, Rep., 102. Plurality for Caswell 49.

No. 3, Arthur W. Chase, Cit., 162; Henry C. Sherman, Rep., 100. Plurality for Chase, 52. No. 4, William B. Hunter, Cit., 151; James H. Barker, Rep., 101. Plurality for Hunter, 50. No. 5, John H. Oxx, Cit., 150; George Calvert, Rep., 103. Plurality for Oxx, 47.

Public School Committee—Robert W. Smith, Cit., 134; Stewart Ritchie, Cit., 141; John Nicholson, Rep., 107; William D. Sayer, Rep., 101. Town Sergeant—Thomas G. Ward, Cit., 152; Walter S. Barker, Rep., 81; John D. Blair, 1. Plurality for Ward, 53.

For Assessors on Citizens' ticket—Isaac L. Sherman, 150; Alden P. Barker, 153; William S. Coggeshall, 152; James W. Peckham, 153; Alvin P. Smith, 152.

On Republican ticket—J. Overton Peckham, 99; John H. Spooner, 98; Harry E. Peckham, 98; Henry C. Sherman, 97; Edward J. Peckham, 90.

For Collector of Taxes—Richard H. Wheeler, Cit., 142; Joel Peckham, Rep., 100. Plurality for Wheeler, 80.

Town Auditors on Citizens' ticket—William L. Brown, 149; John E. Wheeler, 143; Benjamin W. H. Peckham, 147.

On Republican ticket—John R. Austin, 95; A. Herbert Ward, 90; Howard G. Peckham, 90.

Cemetery Committee on Citizens' ticket—Charles Peckham, 138; Joseph L. Chase, 130; Robert E. Grinnell, 135. On Republican ticket—Charles Peckham, 81; George Peabody, 84; Isaac S. Congdon, 81.

Proposition to appropriate \$2000.00 for ordinary repair of highways. In favor, 102; against 16. Majority for, 146.

Proposition to appropriate \$5000.00 for stone roads. In favor, 155; against 28. Majority for, 127.

Proposition to appropriate \$500.00 for oil or kerosene. In favor, 117; against, 51. Majority for, 63.

Proposition to appropriate \$125.00 for placing electric lights in town hall. In favor, 150; against, 18. Majority for, 132.

In addition to these appropriations the sum of \$4500.00 was appropriated for public schools and \$400.00 for care of the Middletown Cemetery.

It was decided to construct an addition to the town hall for a ladies' cloak and toilet room, at a cost not exceeding \$300.00, and another appropriation of \$500.00 was made for repairing and painting the town hall to be expended under the direction of the Town Council. Some advocated an increase in the tax rate as the revenues of the town for the past year were insufficient to meet all required expenditures. A motion to make the tax rate \$7.00 per \$1000.00 was made but lost, and the former rate of \$6.00 was finally adopted.

The Town Treasurer was authorized to negotiate loans as required not exceeding \$35,000.00 in the whole. The Committee charged with the erection of Witherbee school house reported the building completed and a balance of \$289.15, remaining of the appropriation of \$3,500.00. The Committee were given a vote of thanks, an allowance of \$75.00 for services and a discharge from further obligation. The Committee consisted of A. Herbert Ward, William Coggeshall and Dennis J. Murphy.

The following is the full list of town officers elected:

Moderator—William L. Brown. Town Clerk—Albert J. Chase. Town Council and Overseers of the Poor—Joshua Coggeshall, Philip Caswell, Arthur W. Chase, William B. Hunter and John H. Oxx.

Justices of the Peace—Elisha C. Peckham, Nathan B. Brown, Joseph R. Coggeshall and Edward M. Peckham. Two members of the Public School Committee—Stewart Ritchie and Robert W. Smith.

Town Treasurer—Charles H. Ward. Town Sergeant—Thomas G. Ward. Auditors—Elisha A. Peckham, William V. Hart and James A. Taber.

Assessors of Taxes—Isaac L. Sherman, Alden P. Barker, William S. Coggeshall, James W. Peckham, and Alvin P. Smith.

Collector of Taxes—Richard H. Wheeler. Fence Viewers—Elisha A. Peckham, William J. G. Chase and Ashton G. Barker.

Town Auditors—William L. Brown, John E. Wheeler, Benjamin W. H. Peckham.

Cemetery Committee—Charles Peckham, Joseph L. Chase and Robert E. Grinnell.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED.

Now Thrackles approached and screamed himself black trying to impart some plan. He failed, but stooped and picked up a stone and threw it into the mass of seals. The others understood. A shower of stones followed. The animals milled like cattle, bellowed the louder, but would not face their tormentors. Finally an old cow dropped by in a panic. I thought they would have let her go, but she died a little beyond the hill. No more followed, although the men threw stones as fast as they could as they were able. Thick faces were livid with anger, like that of an evil tempered man with an obstinate horse.

Suddenly Handy Solomon put his head down and with a roar distinctly audible even above the din that filled the cave charged directly into the herd. I saw the beasts cowering before him. I saw his club rising and falling indiscriminately, and then the whole back of the cave seemed to rise and come at us.

This was no chance of sport now, but a struggle for very life. We realized that once down there would be no hope, for while the seals were more anxious to escape than to fight we knew that their jaws were powerful. There was no time to pick and choose. We hit out with all the strength and quickness we possessed. It was like a mad hunt, like struggling with an aggressive hydra headed monster, knee high, invulnerable. We hit, but without apparent effect. New heads rose, the press behind increased. We gave ground. We staggered, struggling desperately to keep our feet.

How long this lasted I cannot tell. It seemed hours. I know my arms became laden from swinging my club. My eyes were full of sweat. My breath ragged. A sharp pain in my knee nearly doubled me to the ground, and yet I remember clamping to the thought that I must keep my feet, keep my feet at any cost. Then all at once I recalled the fact that I was armed. I jerked out the short barreled revolver and turned it loose in their faces.

Whether the flash and detonation frightened them, whether Perdosa, still clinging to his rock, managed to turn their attention by his flanking efforts or whether, quite simply, the wall of dead finally turned them back, I do not know, but with one accord they gave over the attempt.

I looked at once for Handy Solomon and was surprised to see him still alive, standing upright on a ledge the other side of the herd. His clothing was literally torn to shreds, and he was covered with blood. But in this plight he was not alone, for when I turned toward my companions they, too, were littered, torn and gory. We were a dreadful crew, standing there in the half light, our chests heaving, our tags dripping red.

For perhaps ten seconds no one moved. Then with a yell of demoniac rage my companions clambered over the rampart of dead seals and attacked the herd.

The seals were now cowed and defenseless. It was a slaughter, and the most debauching and brutal I have ever known. I had hit out with the great when it had been a question of defense, but from this I turned aside to a sick lethargy. The men seemed possessed of devils and of their unnatural energy. Perdosa cast aside the club and took to his natural weapon, the knife. I can see him yet toiling over and over and embracing a big cow, his head jammed in an ecstasy of ferocity between the animal's front flippers, his legs clasped to hold her body, only his right hand rising and falling as he plunged his knife again and again. She struggled, turning him over and under, wept great tears and fairly whined with terror and pain. Finally she was still, and Perdosa staggered to his feet, only to stare at him drunkenly for a moment before throwing himself with a scream on another victim.

The nigger alone did not jump into the turmoil. He stood just down the cave, his club ready. Occasionally a disorganized rush to escape would be made. The nigger's lips snarled and with a truly mad enjoyment he beat the poor animals back.

I pressed against the wall horrified, fascinated, unable either to interfere or to leave. After a little a tiny stream, growing each moment, began to flow past my feet. It sought its channel dutifully, as streamlets do, feeling among the stones in eddies, quiet pools, miniature falls and rapids. For the moment I did not realize what it could be. Then the light caught it down where the nigger waited, and I saw it was red.

At first the racket of the seals was overpowering. Now gradually it was dying violence. I began to hear the phosphorescent, ferocious cries, screams of anger hurled against the cave walls by the men. The thick, sticky smell grew stronger, the light seemed to grow dimmer, as though it could not burn in that field air. A seal came and looked up at me, big tears rolling from her eyes. Then she slipped calmly away, out of her poor wits with terror. The light finished me. I staggered down the length of the black tunnel to the boat.

After a long interval a little three months' pup waddled down to the water's edge, caught sight of me and, with a squeal of fright, dived far. Poor little devil! I would not have hurt him for worlds. As far as I know, this was the only survivor of all that herd.

The men soon appeared, one by one, dazed, sleepy eyed, glugged, walking in a catlike trance of satiation. They were

blood and fat from head to foot, and from drying red masses peered their bloodshot eyes. Not a word said they, but tumbled into the boat, pushed off, and in a moment we were floating in the full sunshine again.

We rowed home in an abstraction. For the moment Berserker rage had burned itself out. Handy Solomon continually wetted his lips, like an animal licking its chops. Thrackles stared into space through eyes dragged with killing. No one spoke.

We landed in the cove and were surprised to find it in shadow. The afternoon was far advanced. Over the hill we dragged ourselves and down to the spring. There the men threw themselves flat and drank in great gulps until they could drink no more. We built a fire, but the nigger refused to cook.

"Some one else turn," he growled. "I cook aboard ship."

Perdosa, who had bowed the fuel, at once became angry.

"I cut heed de wood," he said. "I do my share. Eef I cut heed de wood you mus' cook heed de grub!"

But the nigger shook his head, and Perdosa went into an ecstasy of rage. He kicked the fire to pieces. He scattered the unburned wood up and down the beach. He even threw some of it into the sea.

"Eef you no cook heed de grub you no hab my wood!" he shrieked, with enough oaths to sink his soul.

Finally Putz interferred.

"Here, you foreigners," said he, "quit it! Let up, I say! We got to eat. You let that wood alone or you'll pick it up again!"

Perdosa sprang at him with a screech. Putz was small, but nimble, and understood rough and tumble fighting. He met Perdosa's rush with two swift blows, a short arm jab and an uppercut. Then they clinched and in a moment were rolling over and over just beyond the wash of the surf.

The row waked the nigger from his sullen abstraction. He seemed to come to himself with a start; his eye fell surprisedly on the combatants, then lit up with an unholy joy. He drew his knife and crept down on the fighters. It was too good an opportunity to pay off the Mexican.

But Thrackles interferred sharply. "Come off!" he commanded. "None o' that!"

"Go to h—l!" growled the nigger. A great rage fell on them all, blind and terrible, like that leading to the slaughter of the seals. They fought indiscriminately, hitting at each other with fists and knives. It was difficult to tell who was against whom. The sound of heavy breathing, dull blows, the tear of cloth and grunts of punishment received; the swirl of the sand, the heave of struggling bodies, all riveted my attention, so that I did not see Captain Ezra Selover until he stood almost at my elbow.

"Stop!" he shrieked in his high falsetto voice.

And would you believe it, even through the blood haze of their combat the men heard him and heeded?

They drew reluctantly apart, got to their feet, stood looking at him through reeking brows half submissive and half defiant. The bullheaded Thrackles even took a half step forward, but froze in his tracks when Old Scrubs looked at him.

"I hire you men to fight when I tell you to and only then," said the captain sternly. "What does this mean?"

He menaced them one after another with his eyes, and one after another they quailed. And their plottings, their threats, their dangerousness dissipated like mist before the command of this one resolute man. These pirates who had seemed so dreadful to me now were nothing more than cringing schoolboys before their master.

And then suddenly to my horror I, watching closely, saw the captain's eye turn blank. I am sure the men must have felt the change, though certainly they were too far away to see it, for they shifted by ever so little from their first frozen attitude. The captain's hand sought his pocket, and they froze again, but instead of the expected revolver he produced a half full brandy bottle.

The change in his eyes had crept into his features. They had turned feebly, his available, vacant, confiding.

"No, boys," said he appealingly. "You good fellows, ain't you? Have a drink. 'S good stuff. Good ol' bottle!"

He lured, caught himself and advanced toward them, still with the empty snile.

They stared at him for ten seconds, quite at a loss. Then:

"He's drunk!" Handy Solomon breathed, scarcely louder than a whisper.

There was no other signal given. They sprang as with a single impulse. One instant I saw clear against the waning daylight the bulky, foolish awaying form of Captain Selover, the next it had disappeared, carried down and obliterated by the rush of attacking bodies. Knives gleamed ruddy in the sunset. There was no struggle. I heard a deep groan. Then the murderers rose slowly to their feet.

CHAPTER XX.

I HAD plenty of time to run away. I do not know why I did not do so, but the fact stands that I remained where I was until they had finished Captain Selover. Then I took to my heels, but was soon cornered. I drew my revolver, remembered that I had emptied it in the seal cave and had time for no more coherent mental processes. A smothering weight dug itself on me.

against which I struggled as hard as I could, shrinking in anticipation from the thirsty plunge of the knives. However, though the weight increased until further struggle was impossible, I was not harmed and in a few moments found myself, wrists and ankles tied, beside a roaring fire. While I collected myself I heard the grate of a boat being shoved off from the cove and a few moments later made out lights aboard the Laughing Lass.

The looting party returned very shortly. Their plundering had gone only as far as liquor and arms. Thrackles let down from the cliff top a keg at the end of a line. Perdosa and the nigger each carried an armful of the 20-40 rifles. The keg was rolled to the fire and broached.

The men got drunk, wildly drunk, but not helplessly so. A flame communicated itself to them through the liquor. The ordinary characteristics of their composition sprang into sharper relief. The nigger became more sullen, Perdosa more snakelike. Putz more viciously evil, Thrackles more brutal, while Handy Solomon, staggering from his seat to the open keg and back again, roaring fragments of a chanty, his red headgear contrasting with his smoky black hair and his swartly black nose, contenance—he needed no further touch.

Their evil passions were all awake, and the plan, so long indefinite, developed like a photographer's plate.

"That's one gone," said Thrackles. "And now the diamonds," muttered Putz.

"There's a ship upon the windward, a wreck upon the lee. Down on the coast of the high Barbaree-e."

roared Handy Solomon. "It's the best night's work we ever did. The stuff's ours. Then it's me for a big stone house in Frisco O!"

"Frisco!" sneered Putz. "That's all you know. You ought to travel. Paris for me and a little girl to learn the language from."

"I get heed a fine caballo an' fine saddle an' fine clo's," breathed Perdosa sentimentally. "I ride and the silver jingle and the senorita look!"

"What you want, doctor?" they demanded of the silent nigger.

But the nigger only rolled his eyes and shook his head. By and by he arose and disappeared in the dusk and was no more seen.

"D— fool!" muttered Handy Solomon. "Well, here's to crime!"

He drank a deep cup of the raw rum and staggered back to his seat on the sands.

"I am not a man-o'-war, nor a privateer," said he.

Blow high, blow low; what care we! But I am a jolly pirate, and I'm sailing for my fee."

Down on the coast of the high Barbaree-e."

he sang. "Well land in Valparaiso and we'll go every man his way, and we'll sink the old Laughing Lass so deep the mermaids can't find her."

Thrackles piled on more wood, and the fire leaped high.

"Let's get after 'em," said he. "Tomorrow's jest 's good," muttered Putz. "Let's hav' nother drink."

"We'll stay here 'n see if our o' frien' Percy don't show up," said Handy Solomon. He threw back his head and roared forth a volume of spiteful flares shot as from a pyrotechnic and the light was blotted out as suddenly as it came.

At the same moment it appeared at another point, exhibited the same phenomena, died, dashed out at still a third place, and so was repeated here and there with bewildering rapidity until the walls of the valley cracked and spat sparks. Abruptly the darkness fell. As abruptly it was broken again by a similar exhibition, only this time the fire was blue. Blue was followed by purple, purple by red. Then ensued the briefest possible pause, in which a figure moved across the burs of light escaping through the chinks of the laboratory, and then the whole valley blazed with patches of varicolored fire. It was not a reflection. It was actual physical conflagration of the solid rock in irregular areas. Some of the fire shapes were most fantastic. And with the unexpectedness of a bursting shell the surface of the ground before our feet cracked into a ghastly blue flame.

The nigger uttered a cry in his throat and disappeared. I felt a sharp breath on my neck, an ejaculation of surprise at my ear. It was startling enough to scare the soul out of a man, but I held fast and was just about to step forward when my collar was twisted tight from behind. I raised both my hands, felt steel and knew that I was in the grasp of Handy Solomon's claw.

The sailor had me foul. I did my best to twist around, to unbitten the collar, but in vain. I felt my wind leaving me; the ghastly blue light was shot with red. Distinctly I heard the man's sharp intaken breath as some new phenomenon met his eye, and his great oath as he swore.

"By the mother of God," he cried, "it's the devil!"

Then I was jerked off my feet, and the next I knew I was lying on my back, very wet, on the beach. The day was breaking, and the men, quite sober, were talking vehemently.

It was impossible to make out what they said, but as Handy Solomon and the nigger were the center of discussion I could imagine the subject. I felt very stiff and sore and dizzy in my mind. My neck was lame from the dragging and my tongue dry from the choking. For some time I lay in a half torpor watching the blue dawn change to the rose of sunrise, utterly indifferent to everything. They had thrown me down across the first rise of the little sand dunes back of the tide sands, and from it I could at once look out over the sea full of the restless shadows of dawn and the land barrowing to the mouth of the arroyo. I remember wondering whether Captain Selover were up yet. Then with a sharp stab at the heart I remembered.

The thought was like a dash of cold water in clearing my faculties. I rolled my head. Seaward a white glow had caught the first rays of the sun beyond the cliffs. Landward—I saw with a choke in my throat—a figure emerging from the arroyo.

At the sight I made a desperate at-

tempt to move, but with the effort discovered that I was again bound. My afflicting thus called Putz's attention. Before I could look away he had followed the direction of my gaze. The discussion instantly ceased. They waited in grim silence.

I did not know what to do. Percy Darrow, carrying some sort of large book, was walking rapidly toward us. Perdosa had disappeared. Thrackles after an instant came and sat beside me and clapped his big hand over my mouth. It was horrible.

When within a hundred paces or so I could see that Darrow labored under some great excitement. His usual indifferent manner had, as I have indicated, given way to a firm and decided step; his traitorous eye glistened; his jawline cheek glowed.

"Boys," he shouted cheerfully, "the time's up. We've succeeded. We'll sail just as soon as the Lord'll let us get ready. Rustle the stuff aboard. The doctor'll be down in a short time, and we ought to be loaded by night."

Handy Solomon and Putz laid hand on two of the rifles near by and began surreptitiously to fill their magazines. The nigger shook his knife free of the scabbard and sat with it in his left hand, concealed by his body. I could feel Thrackles' muscles stiffen. Another fifty paces and it would be no longer necessary to stop my mouth.

The thought made me desperate. I had failed as a leader of these men and I had been forced to stand by at debauching, cruel and murderous affairs, but now it is over I thank heaven the reproach cannot be made against me that at any time I counted the consequences to myself. Thrackles' hand lay heavy across my mouth. I bit it to the bone, and as he involuntarily snatched it away I rolled over toward the sea.

Thus for an instant I had my mouth free.

"Run! Run!" I shouted. "For God's sake!"

Thrackles leaped upon me and struck me heavily upon the mouth, then springing for a rifle. I managed to struggle back to the dune, whence I could see.

CHAPTER XXII.

PERCY DARROW, with the keenness that always characterized his mental apprehension, had understood enough of my strangled cry. He had not hesitated nor delayed for an explanation; but had turned track and was now running as fast as his long legs would carry him back toward the opening of the ravine. My companions stood watching him, but making no attempt either to shoot or to follow. For a moment I could not understand this, then remembered the disappearance of Perdosa. My heart jumped wildly, for the Mexican had been gone quite long enough to have cut off the assistant's escape. I could not doubt that he would pick off his man at close range as soon as the fugitive should have reached the entrance to the arroyo.

There can be no question that he would have done so had not his Mexican impudence betrayed him. He shot too soon. Percy Darrow stopped in his tracks. Although we heard the bullet sing by us, for an instant we thought he was hit. Then Perdosa fired a second time, again without result. Darrow turned sharp to the left and began desperately to scale the steep cliffs.

I once took part in a wild boar hunt on the coast of California. Our dogs had penned a snarl band at the head of a narrow barranca, from which a single steep trail led over the hill. We, perched on another hill some 300 or 400 yards away, shot at the animals as they toiled up the trail. The range was long, but we had time, for the severity of the climb forced the boars to a foot pace.

It was exactly like that. Percy Darrow had 200 feet of ascent to make. He could go just so fast; must consume just so much time in his small-scale progress up the face of the hill. During that time he furnished an excellent target, and the loose sandstone showed where each shot struck.

A significant indication was that the men did not take the trouble to get nearer, for which maneuver they would have had time in plenty, but distributed themselves leisurely for a shooting match.

"First shot," claimed Handy Solomon, and without delay fired offhand. A puff of dust showed to the right. "Nerve no good," he commented. "Jerked her just as I pulled."

Putz fired from the knee. The dust this time puffed below.

"Thought she'd carry up that distance," he muttered.

The nigger, too, missed, and Thrackles grinned triumphantly.

"I got a show," said he.

He spread his massive legs apart, drew a deep breath and raised his weapon. It lay in his grasp steady as a log, and I saw that Percy Darrow's fate was in the hands of that dangerous class of natural marksman that possesses no nerves. But for the second time my teeth saved his life. The trigger guard slipped against Thrackles' lacerated hand almost at the instant of discharge. He missed, and the bullet went wide.

Darrow had climbed a matter of twenty feet.

Now, the seamen distributed themselves for more leisurely and accurate marksmanship. Handy Solomon lay flat on his stomach, resting the rifle muzzle across the top of a sand dune. Putz sat down, an elbow on either knee for the greater steadiness. The nigger knelt, but Thrackles remained on his feet. No rest could be steadier than the stone-like rigidity of his thick arms.

The firing now became miscellaneous. No one paid any attention to any one else. Each discovered what I could have told them, that even the human figure at 500 yards is a small mark for a strange rifle. The constant correction of elevation, however, brought the puffs of dust always closer, and I could not but realize that the doctrine of chances must bring home some of the bullets. I soon discovered, by way of comfort that only Thrackles and Handy Solomon really understood firearms, and of those two Thrackles

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)



At the edge of the wash I could make out something wrong, dim, dim.

thrown on the armful of wood. An idea came to me. I hitched myself to the spark and laid across it the rope with which my wrists were tied. This, behind my back, was not easy to accomplish, and twice I burned my wrists before I succeeded. Fortunately I was at the edge of the illumination and behind the group. I turned over on my side so that my back was toward the fire. Then rapidly I cast loose my nuke lashings. Thus I was free, and selecting a moment when universal attention was turned toward the rum barrel I rolled over a sand dune, got to my hands and knees and crept away.

Through the coarse grass I crept thus to the very entrance of the arroyo, then rose to my feet. In the middle distance, the fire leaped red. Its glow fell intermittently on the surges rolling in. The men staggered or lay prone, either as gigantic silhouettes or as tattered demagogues painted by the light. The dog stood silent and substantial, the hub about which reeled the orgy. At the edge of the wash I could make out something prone, dim, limp, thrown constantly in new positions of weariness as the water ebbed and flowed beneath it, now an arm thrown out, now cast back, as though Old Scrubs slept feverishly. The drunkards were getting sober. Handy Solomon still reeled off

West India
REMEDY
FOR
Rheumatism,
Specially Recommended for
Acute Muscular Rheumatism.
WRIGHT & HAY,
PHARMACISTS,
22 Washington Square, Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET.
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

GET YOUR
ICE CREAM
—AT—
Koschny's,
230 & 232 THAMES STREET.
or at his
Branch Store, 16 Broadway
Cake, Ice Cream
CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and FRESH EVERY DAY.
ARCTIC ICE CO.
WHOLESALE AND
Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.
Telephone connection.

Office, Commercial Wharf.
427 JOHN H. GREENE, Sup.

YOU CAN PATENT
Anything you invent or improve; also get
CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN
PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo.
for free examination and advice.
BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Atty's fee before patent.
Write to
C. A. SHAW & CO.
Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. D. JOHNSTON,
Architect and Builder.
Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.
Shop 63 M.H.S. Office 70 Pelham St.
R. O. Box 161. Residence 100 Church St.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,
Contractor
—AND—
BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to.
Orders left at:

Calendar Avenue.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS
—AND—
General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.
Accessible by Telephone at Day and all hours
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 24 Pelham Avenue
BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and
New York Freight Depot
Telephone 71-2.

Published by Franklin in 1908.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

WOMAN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 151
Home Telephone 1040

Saturday, April 4, 1908.

Indiana is for Fairbanks for President, and yet the other candidates are not worrying much about the danger from that quarter.

The hard times are being felt in New England. A number of different manufacturing lines have ordered cut-downs and business will probably be dull for a time anyway.

It really looks as though Anna Gould would again contract an alliance with a son of the French nobility. And one wonders why she thinks it should be any more successful than was the other.

The national House of Representatives has had some lively times this week, when the Democrats by filibustering have managed to delay the passage of the agricultural bill. But it went through at last, in a somewhat amended form.

Last year the Brown University baseball team went through the entire season without being beaten. This year they succumbed to their very first opponent. The defeat by Bowdoin on Wednesday must have been a rather bitter pill.

The people of Newport feel a very genuine regret at the family troubles of the Vanderbilts, nor is it merely a sense of pecuniary loss. But both Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have been active in Newport and the citizens have learned to look upon them with sincere regard.

The strike of the coal miners at this time may add a little to the complications of the financial and industrial situation, but the men can be the only sufferers in the end. The mine operators will not lose much if anything, the burden being shared by the consumer and the strikers. It was ever thus.

The New Haven road is expediting business to begin to pick up along its lines within the next month. Everything points to the fact that the present business depression cannot be of long duration as far as most lines of business are concerned but some will feel the effects longer than others.

Governor Johnson of Minnesota is willing to accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency if it is offered to him. He says: "I do not believe that any American citizen should be an active, open candidate for the nomination for the Presidency." How like the delicate, shrinking nature of our friend Bryan!

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans is still trying to recover his health so that he can retain command of the fleet until it reaches San Francisco at least. He is now trying the mineral baths in hopes of relief. That he may be sufficiently recovered to be able to take his great fleet into San Francisco bay in triumph is the wish of his host of friends.

Twenty-three British seamen have gone to their death in the performance of their duty by reason of the sinking of the destroyed Tiger in collision with the cruiser Berwick. Preparation for war contains many of the dangers of actual conflict, and although ample precautions are apparently taken there are frequent reports of fatalities in the navies of all nations. That of the United States has been by no means free from them.

New York University is suffering from a strike, but it is not a strike of mechanics or laborers. More than one thousand of the students of that institution refuse to return to their classes because the president of the Junior class has been suspended for hazing a freshman. A wooden paddle forcibly applied to the proper portion of the students' anatomy has been seriously recommended as a gentle coercive measure to break up the strike.

The New York Chamber of Commerce does not approve of any of the numerous currency bills that have been presented in Congress. The only one that meets with anything less than instant condemnation is the one providing for a committee to investigate the condition of matters in banking and currency throughout the country and to report to Congress. If we wait for that we should be a long time without any legislation at all.

One of the prominent magazine "muck-rakers" has been indicted \$15,000 for libel in a suit brought against the magazine by the president of a refrigerator company. The way of the reformer is sometimes nearly as rough as that of the transgressor. The magazine writer on the topic of reform is very apt to distort his facts in order to make interesting reading, as was the case in the "exposure" of Rhode Island politicians that appeared a few years ago.

The Railroad Party.

The suggestion has recently been made by a prominent railroad man that a new political party be formed for protecting the vast interests of the railroads of the country. He says it ought to be easy to organize the 1,500,000 railway employees into a party which would oppose such harmful legislation against the roads as has been enacted in many states in the past

two years. "Only one man," he says, "can stop the anti-railroad legislation which prevails, and he is the voter. We should organize the railway men into a compact political party, and I believe a competent leader will arise if we want this call now."

This sort of folly would be unwise even if it were to be headed by any considerable number of persons. But it will receive very little attention, thinks a Western Exchange. We now have about as many parties as the people will support, and several new ones are proposed. On April 2 the Populists will meet in St. Louis and put up a Presidential ticket. At Rock Island on May 1 the representatives of a so-called Christian party will nominate a ticket to stand on a platform which will say that everybody out of the Protestant faith should be excluded from office. The Republicans will meet in Chicago on June 16, the Democrats in Denver on July 7 and the Prohibitionists in Columbus, Ohio, on July 15, while Hearst's National party proposes to meet about July 20 and name candidates for President and Vice President. One or two Socialist parties are still to hear from, but they will hold their conventions in due time.

It would seem that the party field is pretty well occupied without getting the railway workers to enter it as a distinctive organization. The Republican party can look after the interests of the railways and of all other activities much more intelligently and effectively than separate organizations for any of them could do. The United States Supreme Court has just set aside some laws which hampered the railways, and which were also against the public interest, and the court will continue its work along the same line. There is an urgent need either for the establishment of a new party or the creation of any new governmental machinery. The Republicans will carry the country in November, prosperity will soon return and some of the parties already with us will drop out of business.

The session of the General Assembly is nearing its close, but there is still very much to be done. This has been rather a busy week, many bills being reported and passed. The Senate has passed the annual appropriation bill in concurrence in almost record time. The bill to license hunters in the State was beaten in the Senate in a sharp fight in which party lines were totally lost to sight.

Newport has figured considerably in the Legislature. Representative Franklin has introduced by request a bill to prevent the illegal wearing of United States uniforms and to prevent discrimination against wearers of the uniform by public places of entertainment. The bill allowing the city of Newport to use the Buffum fire engine fund to erect hydrants near the Middletown line has been passed by the House. Representative Burdick has introduced in the House the bills asked for by the representative council of this city, one creating a board of sinking fund commissioners, another providing that the board of aldermen shall not accept or lay out any street as a public highway except after the council has first passed upon the same, and the third providing for the issue of negotiable notes for \$4,000 for paying Thames street.

The judiciary committee of the two houses is still struggling with the banking act and is not yet very near the end. A bill has been introduced appropriating \$600,000 for construction of new State highways.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat looks with considerable apprehension at the coal strike which began on April 1, believing that it comes at a time particularly unfavorable for business conditions.

Many persons remember the bad effects of the coal strike of the spring of 1891, which came on just as the winter stage of the panic of 1893 was over. That strike checked the business improvement which was beginning to make itself felt, and delayed the return of public confidence. Before the coal strike of 1891 ended the Delis outbreak took place, which President Cleveland suppressed by the use of the federal troops.

Nobody thinks that the situation at present is anything like as serious as it was in the spring of 1894, when the coal miners went out. The business setback of 1893 was far more pronounced than was that of 1907. There were weak spots in the financial line then, owing to the silver dilution of the currency, which are absent now. The number of persons thrown out of employment was much greater than it is at this time. The controversies between workers and employers are small and slight in 1908 compared to those of 1894. On the whole the relations of employers and employees are now cordial.

But a strike in a Presidential year always furnishes an incentive to agitators and demagogues to attempt to arouse a spirit of class hatred in the community. The politicians on both sides will be appealed to by each party to the labor contest. Thus a strike like that which is to begin on April 1 will do more harm than it would do if it were to come in normal times. It is to cover Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, which states, taken together, produce a considerable proportion of the soft coal of the country. As the operators have expected this strike all along, and as they doubtless have prepared for it by lay-

ing in extra supplies of coal, they will be in a position to make money out of it. Prices will go up the moment the strike starts, and the consumers will have to pay the cost. No matter how the strike ends, the consumers, who constitute the great mass of the people to whose half a dozen states will hope that it will end quickly.

Block Island.

On Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, notwithstanding the storm, about seventy-five persons gathered in the audience room of the First Baptist church where after a statement by the pastor, Rev. H. A. Roberts, D. D., of the object of the gathering, the company repaired to the east side of the Church edifice for the purpose of laying the corner stone of the new Chapel about to be erected. The box contained Livermore's history of the island, the autobiography of Hon. Nicholas Ball, who donated the land upon which the Church stands; and the autobiography of William P. Lewis, Esq., a copy of the Church Covenant, Circular Church letters, a picture of the Church, another of the Pastor and Deacons, as well as individual pictures of the Pastor, C. C. Ball, Esq., and several local views. A beautiful service of proclamation was pronounced by four of our young men representing the church and Sabbath School, as follows: Howard Crossman Mott, Harry Hayes Rose, Earl Dodge, and Ralph E. Dodge, Jr. The box was placed in the stone by Nicholas Ball, the grandson of both Hon. Nicholas Ball, and William P. Lewis, Esq. The stone was then placed in position by the deacons of the Church and was sealed by the Pastor.

Had the day been pleasant William P. Lewis, Esq., would have participated in the exercises, but the state of the weather made this to be impossible. An interesting bit of information in connection with the occasion was given by the pastor, who stated that Mr. Lewis is the oldest active member in the Church, being eighty-six years of age and an active force in the same for the last seventy years, uniting with Church in 1838.

This Chapel is for the use of the Bible School and for evening services; it will be sixty-five feet in length and thirty feet wide.

On the first floor will be found an entrance hall, back of which will be the library room. Opening from the hall will be the Chapel 40 x 30 feet. On the west end of the Chapel will be two large rooms, one for the use of the Primary Department, opening into the main room with folding door and a room for the use of the Junior. Ascending an easy flight of stairs, you will find yourself in a room measuring 35 x 35. This will be used for the double purpose of furnishing a reading room for the Choir, and at other times it will be used for a dining room.

Everything is harmonious and the prospect for the future is bright. It is expected that several will be baptized on Easter morning.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1905 by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., April 4, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 3 to 7, warm wave 2 to 6, cool wave 5 to 9. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern states 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 8, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15.

While April weather will average unusually quiet this disturbance will develop above the average intensities of the month. Jupiter and the moon will unite their energies and cause a little stir in the physical forces of the solar system.

Unusually warm weather will prevail west of the Alleghenies during the storm week mentioned above while cooler averages will prevail east of Blue Ridge. Not much rainfall may be expected during first half of April and in many places, especially in southern states, some uneasiness will be felt about the dry weather. North of parallel 40 crops will not be far enough advanced for dry weather to cause any scars.

If the weather controls prices farmers and planters and gardeners need not fear low prices but the weather does not control when speculators want to butt in against natural causes. Short grass in the best dairy sections will probably cause dairy products to demand good prices and dairy interests will do well to keep their low lands in grass.

Immediately following April 4 a great high temperature wave will cross the continent accompanied by light showers. Temperatures will persistently remain high and all vegetation will rapidly progress, causing an unusually early spring in northern sections, particularly in the great central valleys.

The disturbance following April 4, will have greatest intensities in the eastern states and will become a storm of more than average force about April 9 out on the Atlantic. At the same time the following storm will be at its greatest force on the Pacific slope.

Mr. George W. Howard died on Tuesday at the advanced age of eighty-three years. Although he was born in Providence much of his life had been passed in this city. He is survived by a widow and four children.

Dr. William T. Bull has been in the city the past week, spending a few days at the "Dudley Place."

Brown Commons.

Every American college and university realizes the necessity of promoting informal social intercourse among its students, and naturally is ever willing to adopt policies which will bring the students into frequent friendly contact. At Brown University, for example, an organization known as the Brown Hall, endeavors to care for the social and religious needs of Brown men; and the existence of the Refectory, really a "Commons," in addition, has been felt to be a partial solution of the problem of properly caring for the relations of the students to one another. But now, Brown, like many other American colleges, is to be confronted by this problem in a very direct manner, for the building which has been used as a refectory since 1899, and which was used as the President's home from 1840 to 1899, is to be razed this spring to make room for the new John Hay Library.

Washington Matters.

Will Hughes Ally Himself With the Anti-Roosevelt Party?—President Wants Trust Law Amended—Armed Bells on Naval Vessels—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
Washington, D. C., April 4, 1908.

The President's last message to Congress will in the estimation of the leaders of the party, go a long way to prove to the voters of the country the folly it would be to interrupt the great work in which the Republican party is engaged either by the election of a Democratic President and a Democratic House, or by the nomination and election of a reactionary Republican candidate who would be obligated to the very men who procured his nomination to break away from the doctrines and policies of Roosevelt and to choose a different course. It is the knowledge that Governor Hughes cannot secure the nomination without obligating himself to the anti-Roosevelt faction in such a way as to render it impossible for him to carry on the work even along as radical lines as he might be disposed to, which makes the President regard the Governor's nomination as something to be averted at all costs, and as for the other candidates, or would-be candidates, there is not one who is not opposed, in his heart, to the policies laid down by Mr. Roosevelt except, of course, Secretary Taft.

The President's last message proposes things which he realizes cannot be accomplished at this session of Congress but his long experience in the White House has taught him the utility of expecting Congress to do anything the first time it is suggested. Movements in Congress, as among the people, must grow gradually. This is probably a wise dispensation of evolution for it gives time for all objections to arise and be considered and legislation to which objections are insurmountable can thus be rejected. Therefore, the President goes right on as if there were to be no end to his term, proposing arrangements for a revision of the tariff next spring, after the 4th of March, and urging other measures which he realizes will not be accomplished by this Congress, but in so doing he is counting all the time on the election of Judge Taft for he knows full well that if Mr. Taft succeeds him there will be no change of policy, no interregnum, and that the people will hardly appreciate there has been a change of administration.

There is one feature of the President's message concerning which he is terribly in earnest. He would like to see the anti-trust law amended at this session, but he is doomed to be disappointed. Speaker Cannon has struck the first blow at the President's hope and it will probably prove a fatal one. He has referred the Hepburn bill to the committee on Judiciary, instead of to the committee on Interstate Commerce, of which Colonel Hepburn is the chair man. The make-up of the Judiciary committee is such that there is little hope of favorable action on the bill. Colonel Hepburn is too loyal to the Speaker to discuss his course frankly but he does not hesitate to declare that "it is the rarest thing in the world for any three of the members of the Judiciary committee to hold the same view on anything, even the time of day." Of course Mr. Cannon appreciated this situation full well when he made the reference, but then Mr. Cannon has been opposed to any legislation except the Aldrich bill at this session, and did not want the President to send in another message.

The Aldrich bill has been debated in the Senate and passed. It would have passed more promptly had not Senator La Follette refused to permit an unanimous consent to a day for a vote, which has always been the custom in the Senate, where no rule limiting debate, such as is possible in the House, is permitted. The purpose of the Senator from Wisconsin in refusing consent is not clear. He merely said he might want to talk some more—he has only talked all of three legislative days thus far—and did not want to be limited in any way.

Practically all of the evidence regarding the location of the armor belts on naval vessels is now in and it remains still an academic question as to whether that on the older naval vessels is too high or too low. There is much to be said on both sides and the average layman can probably never decide it to his own satisfaction, but it is a source of satisfaction to learn that all difficulty has been obviated with the more modern vessels by making the belt wider and that the experts are all agreed that with them there is no danger of fear regarding the location of this important protection.

Your correspondent has just returned from a trip to New York where he was really amazed at the extent of the libels circulated concerning the President. It is safe to say that among the big business men in New York City every other one believes the stories that Mr. Roosevelt is an immoderate drinker, that he is at least half crazy and that he is in a constant state of rage. Of course there is not the slightest foundation for any of these stories. There is no more abstemious man anywhere than the President, who never drinks whiskey or strong drink of any kind.

"Beyond."

By Edith Wheeler Wilcox.

It seems such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the "Beyond."
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those who have gone from here
They make it seem familiar and most dear
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies that when my night is clear
I think I almost see the glittering strand.
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough, sometimes, to touch
My hand—
I often think that, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dream
When from this dear earth I shall journey on
To that still dearer country of the dead
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me I know.

I never stand above a Bier, and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face
But I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one 'over there';
One more to make the strange 'Beyond' seem fair."

And so for me there is no slinging in death
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing with a better history.
And while set face a little strip of sea
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before.

The Young Men's Republican Club will have a member's night with refreshments at the Bulfinch and Macchabees Hall on next Monday evening. There will be a number of speakers.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the upper half of the double house, No. 85 John street, belonging to Mrs. E. F. Morrill, of Jamestown, R. I., to Emil Galsander, of New York, N. Y.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the lower half of the two tenement house, No. 1 Elliot Place, belonging to August McLeod, to Elmer R. Coggeshall, of Portsmouth, R. I.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the unfurnished cottage on the northerly side of Powell avenue, known as No. 40, belonging to Patrick H. Morgan, to Charles Grant, U. S. Navy.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for a term of years to James P. Loran & Co. (druggists) the corner store on Bellevue Avenue and Lehigh street, for Mr. K. L. Denniston and others.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Patrick Fogarty house and lot of 3000 feet, at 28 Carey street to Miss Mary Kavanaugh.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to John P. Frizza lot of land containing about 2800 feet on a new street between Van Zandt avenue and Channing street for Mrs. Agatha M. Albro.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the north store No. 235 Thames Street in Daily News Building belonging to T. T. Pitman to The Harrison Brothers Company of Boston, Mass.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. Hurn and Miss Adelaide C. Fadden a new store at 154 Bellevue avenue to Bernard Morgan. It will be on the site of the Art store that was partially destroyed by fire last summer.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mr. Tunstall Smith his furnished cottage in Jamestown on Walnut Avenue to Mr. Hugh L. Wilson of Philadelphia for the summer season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the lower half of No. 77 Division street, for L. Foster, to Morris Forsman.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for the summer season, Jeremiah W. Telfer's furnished cottage on Calvert street to Mr. J. Mapes Dodge of Philadelphia.

Memories of Lincoln.

With every year personal reminiscences of Lincoln grow in value, and the recollections from the pen of Gen. O. O. Howard, announced as one of the features of the April Century, come from one who served and loved these many years, Abraham Lincoln. In these reminiscences General Howard recalls the incident which suggested and gave lasting impetus to his work for the establishment of schools among the people of the Cumberland mountains, his latest and finest expression, Lincoln's Memorial University, instead of to prove not alone an educational help but also a worthy monument to the man whose name it bears.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1908.	Sun	Moon	High water	Low water
1 Sat	4 40	12 27	10 27	10 10
2 Sun	5 38	1 28	11 30	10 10
3 Mon	6 36	2 29	12 31	11 35
4 Tue	7 34	3 30	1 32	12 35
5 Wed	8 32	4 31	2 32	1 35
6 Thur	9 30	5 32	3 32	2 40
7 Fri	10 28	6 33	4 32	3 40

New Moon, 1st day, 10 a.m., morning.
Full Moon, 16th day, 11 a.m., morning.
Last Quarter, 23rd day, 7 p.m., evening.
New Moon, 30th day, 10 p.m., morning.

\$1,000.00 CASH

NEW 8-ROOM COTTAGE

NEAR KAY STREET.

I hold for sale a new cottage, 8 rooms, bath, etc., hot water heater, set, etc. Improvements, which I am instructed to sell for \$1,000, of which \$4,000 may remain on mortgage at 5 percent.

A fine opportunity to secure a comfortable home, with a small cash capital. Only \$1,000 required. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

152 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 321.

Marriages.

In this city, 2d inst., by Rev. William Sanford Jones, George Wall Brownell and Grace Evelyn Comstock, both of this city.

Married this day, George W. Morley, Jr., of Newport, R. I., U. S. A., to Olga Hill, daughter of Professor Bokor of University of Budapest, Hungary.

Deaths.

In this city, 20th inst., Isabel Cole, wife of Captain Joseph P. Cotton.

In this city, 1st inst., John R. F. Oakley, son of the late J. Frank and Annie Oakley, aged 38 years.

In this city, 31st inst., at his residence, 10 Morton road, George W. Howard, in the 83rd year of his age.

In Tiverton, 28th inst., Mary A., widow of Gileson Mother, in her 92d year.

At East Greenwich, 28th inst., Henry H. Thordike, formerly of this city, in the 65th year of his age.

At the Naval Training Station in San Francisco, Cal., at the home of Commander and Mrs. Edward E. Caperton, in June, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Wadley, widow of Dole Wadley, and mother of Mrs. Caperton.

At Providence, 28th inst., Mrs. Margaret Harrop, aged 70, died at Providence from burns. She was smoking a pipe, sitting on the edge of her bed, when a spark set fire to her night clothing.

In a fit of despondency, Arthur Hale of Wyfield, Mass., blew his brains out with a revolver. He was 36 years old.

The body of Sardo Spili, foreman of Deane Bros' limestone quarry at Cheshire, Mass., was found in the quarry. It is thought Spili fell over a cliff.

President Hyde of Bowdoin college announces that a total of \$274,431.77 has been added to the general endowment fund of the institution.

Hughes Bros. of Boston and Lynn, dealers in leather remnants, have assigned, with liabilities of \$25,000.

Harris Herman, a contractor of Lawrence, Mass., has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, stating his liabilities as \$63,114. There are no assets scheduled.

President Eliot of Harvard university has left on a protracted tour through the states of the middle west. During his trip he will be the guest of different universities.

Michael Bressman was injured by an elevator in the silk mill of the Newmarket (N. H.) Manufacturing company and died of his injuries. He was 73 years old.

Miss Louisa Etchells, aged 51, committed suicide at her home at Fall River, Mass., by inhaling gas. No cause can be assigned for her action.

Death of Joe Howard

New York, April 1.—After an illness of almost a year, Joseph Howard, Jr., one of the most prominent newspaper men in the country, died last night. He was 74 years old. Howard had been in the newspaper business all his life and "Howard's column" was for a long time one of his best newspaper features.

Wireless Telephone Works Well

Paris, April 1.—Lee De Forest conducted the final test of his wireless telephone system on Eiffel tower in the presence of a body of French naval and army officers. Messages were exchanged in the most satisfactory manner with the government wireless stations throughout France.

Vidaver Pleads Not Guilty

New York, April 2.—Nathan Vidaver, formerly one of Attorney General Jackson's special deputies, pleaded not guilty to two indictments filed against him by the grand jury, which charge him with attempted extortion. His bail was continued at \$3000.

SUES FOR DIVORCE

Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt Has
papers Filed at New York

REFEREE IS APPOINTED

Couple Married in 1901 and Have
One Child—Plaintiff Left Newport
Home a Short Time Ago, Taking
Much of the Furnishings With Her

New York, April 2.—Within an hour after he had sailed for Europe yesterday, Alfred G. Vanderbilt was made the defendant in the suit filed with the supreme court by his wife, Ellen French Vanderbilt. The nature of the action was not immediately disclosed and counsel for the plaintiff refused last night to state whether Mrs. Vanderbilt sought a divorce or legal separation from her husband. Justice O'Gorman, before whom the proceedings were instituted, appointed David McClure as referee to hear testimony and report findings and recommendations to the court.

It was learned late last night from an official in the county courthouse, who saw the papers in the case, that Mrs. Vanderbilt's action is one for absolute divorce.

Claudius M. Anderson, Vanderbilt's personal counsel, who was seen in regard to the suit, said: "You see I am in no position to talk of the affairs of my client." When Anderson was informed that it had been learned that the action was one for absolute divorce, he said: "I cannot talk."

Had secrecy for the time being been wished the action of counsel could not have been better timed. The offices of the county clerk are closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Only a few moments before that hour the competing clerk received the papers. By the time that that official was through with them it was too late for the papers to be officially recorded yesterday. They were placed in a safe and will be formally entered today.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was Ellen French, daughter of the late Francis O. French, president of the Manhattan Trust company and director of many railroads. Her mother has been abroad for several years, but is returning for the nuptials of her granddaughter, Miss Pauline L. French, and Samuel Wagstaff, which will be solemnized at Newport. Ellen, or as she is more generally known, Elsie French, married Alfred G. Vanderbilt on Jan. 11, 1901. A year later their only child, William H., was born.

Mr. Vanderbilt, as the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, inherited something like \$60,000,000. He has been regarded as the head of the family since the estrangement following the marriage of Cornelius, the eldest son, to Miss Grace Wilson.

Vanderbilt sailed yesterday afternoon on the Mauretania, upon which vessel his cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, also was a passenger. The duchess had been the guest recently of her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. Seen just before the Mauretania left her pier, Vanderbilt declined to discuss the report that a separation from his wife was imminent. A half-hour later Mrs. Vanderbilt's attorneys appeared before Justice O'Gorman.

The domestic affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have engaged public attention since March 24, when Mrs. Vanderbilt, accompanied by her son and her maids, left Oakland Farm, near Newport, R. I., and went to the home of her brother, Amos T. French, at Tuxedo Park, this state. Much of the furnishings at the Newport home have been shipped to Tuxedo. The French cottage at Tuxedo has been put in shape, it is said, for continued occupancy. Vanderbilt, while here recently, has had apartments at the Plaza hotel. Neither Vanderbilt nor his wife would discuss the reports that gained circulation after her removal from Newport.

Minister's Certificate Surrendered

South Norwalk, Conn., March 31.—The council of the Fairfield County Baptist association convened in this city and heard charges of conduct unbecoming a minister preferred against Rev. Frank C. Brown and also, it is stated, Brown's confession of the truthfulness of the charges. By the unanimous vote of the council the hand of fellowship was withdrawn and Brown's certificate of ordination surrendered.

"Black Hands" Sent to Prison

Boston, April 1.—The first convictions in Massachusetts for sending so-called "Black Hand" letters was secured when Concelto Rizzo and Antonio Mirabito were sentenced to not less than six years and not more than ten years in state prison for sending threatening letters to Benjamin Piscopo, a hotel proprietor. Rizzo was proprietor of a fruit store and Mirabito worked for him. A new trial was refused.

Disbanded For Good of Service

Augusta, Me., April 1.—General orders were issued from the office of the adjutant general disbanding company H, First regiment, of Rockland, for the good of the service. It appears that this company has fallen below the proper standard and has failed to comply with the laws, regulations and discipline governing the service.

Will Out Foot Washing

Vladua, April 2.—As a measure of precaution on account of ill-health Emperor Francis Joseph will abstain from taking part in the holy week ceremonies, which include the washing of the feet of the poor.

New Bedford Carders Accept Out

New Bedford, Mass., April 3.—The Carders' union last night voted to accept a wage reduction of 10 percent on April 13. The spinners accepted the cut Wednesday night and tonight the weavers' union will vote on the question. The general feeling is that there will be no general strike.

RUN DOWN BY CRUISER

British Torpedo Boat Destroyer Sunk
and Many Men Drowned
Portsmouth, Eng., April 4.—During night maneuvers in the channel the cruiser Berwick ran down the torpedo boat destroyer Tiger and several men were drowned.

The Tiger was cut in half and speedily sank. Boats from the Berwick and the cruiser Gladiator picked up twenty-two men, one of whom died of his injuries. It is believed that the Tiger had a crew of forty-five men, and that all the others were drowned.

Gillette Confessed to Murder
Albany, N. Y., March 31.—After an electric current of 1800 volts had been shot through his body, Chester Gillette, the murderer of his sweetheart, Grace Brown, was officially declared dead. Only one contact was necessary to snuff out life. Gillette made a confession to his spiritual advisers. "This much is contained in a statement that the clergy-men gave out after the electrocution. This reads as follows: "Because our relationship with Chester Gillette was privileged we do not deem it wise to make a detailed statement, and simply wish to say that no legal mistake was made in his electrocution."

England Has Territorial Army

London, April 1.—With the stroke of midnight, Great Britain's volunteer army became a thing of the past after an existence of forty-nine years, and a territorial army reigned in its stead. The volunteer force throughout the country celebrated their "last post" at their respective headquarters by dinners and other celebrations. As midnight struck there were stirring scenes as to who would be the first to enlist in the new body, many hundreds being thus recruited.

Morse Scores a Point

New York, April 1.—Judge Holt has sustained the demurrer interposed in the interest of Charles W. Morse in the involuntary bankruptcy petition filed against him by Receiver Hanna of the National Bank of North America and two former employees of the institution. The demurrer entered by counsel for Morse denied that Morse was insolvent and that Receiver Hanna and the two former employees of the National Bank of North America were creditors.

Big Cut in Steamer Rates

New York, April 3.—By a sharp reduction in steamer rates, announced by the North German Lloyd Steamship company, it is expected that another "rate" war between the trans-Atlantic lines will be precipitated. The new tariffs are effective immediately and are as follows: To Genoa and Naples, \$15; to Palermo and Messina, \$18; to Milan and Leghorn, \$16.75; to Gibraltar, \$11; to Piraeus, \$22; to Alexandria, \$25; to Jaffa, \$27, and to Beirut, \$29.

Gyroscope Failed to Work

Pensacola, Fla., April 1.—The board of inquiry appointed to investigate the accident to the torpedo boat Blakeley, which was badly damaged by a Whitehead torpedo fired from one of its tubes, concluded its inquiry and its findings have been forwarded to Washington. It is stated that the gyroscope of the torpedo which controls the rudder failed to work, allowing the torpedo to circle and strike the vessel.

Money Order Blanks Stolen

Boston, April 2.—Postoffice officials announce that 157 money order blanks were stolen from sub-station No. 97 by two strangers. At sub-station No. 41 rubber stamps used on money orders and registered letters were stolen. The blanks can be filled out for amounts as great as \$100 each, and the officials fear that the thieves will circulate the orders by turning them in to merchants for goods.

Young Wood Gatherers Killed

Provincetown, Mass., March 31.—Venturing inside the tottering walls of the half-burned Centenary Methodist Episcopal church in search of firewood, Joseph Oliver, aged 15, and Joseph Holmes, aged 12, were knocked down and killed when a portion of the ruins fell. Joseph Prada was badly cut about the head. It is believed that Prada will recover. No one else was hurt.

Admiral Evans in Doctors' Hands

Paso Robles, Cal., April 3.—Rear Admiral Evans has begun treatment at the hot springs here for rheumatism and stomach trouble. He was wheeled to the baths in a chair. He said last evening that he felt refreshed. He has planned to take a bath and treatment every morning, spending the rest of the day in the sun as much as possible.

German Machine Far in Rear

Seattle, April 2.—The American automobile in the New York-to-Paris race was hoisted aboard the steamship Santa Clara yesterday and sailed for Valdez, Alaska. The Italian car passed Santa Barbara, Cal., yesterday afternoon for San Francisco. The French car passed Rhyolite, Nev., yesterday and the German machine is in Evanston, Wyo.

Agricultural Bill Passed

Washington, April 3.—Carrying a total of \$11,508,806, the agricultural appropriation bill was passed by the house of representatives. It had been under discussion for nine days and from the time its consideration began until the very end, with the result that it underwent many changes.

Plague In Full Swing

Guayaquil, Ecuador, April 3.—During the month of February there were twelve deaths from bubonic plague at Guayaquil, and in March there were 115 deaths from the disease, as well as seventeen fatal cases of yellow fever.

Restored to His Office

Exeter, N. H., April 3.—The police commissioners have voted to reinstate Charles G. Gooch as superintendent of police. Although the charges against Gooch were not made public by the commission, it is understood that there was a conflict of orders between him and the police board, which consists of three members.

STRONG FOR TAFT

Bay State Republicans' Preference Shown In Caucuses

CRANE FORCES' VICTORY

Had Contended That Delegates to
National Convention Be Unpledged
and Uninstructed—Lodge Wins an
Important Fight in Boston

Boston, April 1.—The Republican caucuses all over the state yesterday resulted in a sweeping victory for the policy advanced by Senator Crane that the Massachusetts delegation be unpledged and uninstructed.

But this result was accompanied by the election of an overwhelming majority of men who are claimed for Taft, both to district and state conventions, thus making probable the sending of a very pronounced Taft delegation, but there is still the influence and personality of Crane to cope with.

This morning it appears that the only district in the state where it is absolutely certain that there will be delegates instructed fully for Taft is in one of the three hotly contested districts, that is the Sixth district, the home of Congressman Gardner, where the Crane men had a valiant fight for uninstructed delegates.

In the Third district there was a big victory for the Crane men, who easily captured delegates enough to ensure the election of Winslow and Whitin, both of whom are non-committal and opposed to the instructing of delegates.

The Third district is the home of the people of Secretary Taft, and while the Taft men were not confident that they could carry the district against the Crane men, yet the fact that delegates openly favoring the nomination of the secretary could not be elected in the old home place of Taft was regarded as a feature of the Massachusetts situation of sufficient importance to make it of national importance.

In the Second district, which is Crane territory, the Crane men did their work rapidly and well. The two non-committal delegates simply swamped the Taft men.

On the other hand, a fight of national importance was carried on in the heart of the Lodge territory, ward 11, Boston, which was swept into the Taft column in the face of one of the most powerful combinations of men prominent in the business and financial circles of the state.

WATSON FOR GOVERNOR

Indiana Republicans Want Fairbanks
Nominated For President

Indianapolis, April 3.—The Indiana Republican state convention adopted a platform, endorsed Vice President Fairbanks and instructed the thirty state delegates to the national convention at Chicago to vote and to work for his nomination for the presidency, and then nominated a full state ticket headed by James E. Watson of Rushville, for governor.

The contest for nomination for governor was keen, and it took five ballots to decide it. Mention of President Roosevelt, Vice President Fairbanks, Senators Beveridge and Hemenway and Governor Hanly caused enthusiasm among the delegates.

The platform includes a plank written by Fairbanks, insisting on revision of the tariff by a session of congress to be called in November after the fall elections. Other planks favor child labor laws, a state local option law with the county as a unit, economy in public expenditures, especially respecting the army and navy; a modification of the financial system, complete regulation of capitalistic combinations and the creation of a bureau of mines and mining.

Cannon Delegates In Illinois

Chicago, April 1.—The Republicans of the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh congressional districts held conventions here and selected six delegates to the national convention, instructing them to vote for the nomination of Joseph G. Cannon as presidential nominee.

Sailors Laid Up With Mumps

Philadelphia, April 2.—The new battleship Idaho was placed in commission by the government at League Island, though nearly half of the crew of 732 men assigned for duty on the vessel were absent because of an epidemic of mumps at the navy yard. Captain Diehl is in command. The ship will sail for the West Indies in about ten days.

Run Closes Savings Bank

Toledo, April 3.—The doors of the Broadway Savings bank were closed because of a run on it by excited depositors. The bank is a creditor of A. L. Irish, who filed a petition in bankruptcy for nearly \$500,000. Deposits of the closed bank amount to \$220,000.

Disposed of Counterfeit Money

Boston, April 2.—John P. Simms of Lowell was found guilty of passing counterfeit money by a jury in the United States district court. The authorities found molds and sand in the cellar of Simms' house. Simms will be sentenced next Tuesday.

Financial Agent Bankrupt

Boston, April 2.—In the United States district court, Cardenio F. King, formerly a financial agent in New York and Boston, was declared bankrupt and Emory B. Gibbs was appointed referee by Judge Dodge. The whereabouts of King are unknown.

Factories on Short Time

New Haven, April 3.—Official returns made to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company from their agents in the factory regions of southern New England, covered by the system, show that while a very large proportion of the factories still continue open, they are running on considerably reduced hours, and many of them also with reduced wages.

UNIQUE POINT RAISED

Has to Do With Settlement of Mis-
ing Financier's Estate

Boston, April 3.—A new point has arisen in the now famous C. F. King case, as to what extent King loaned his money. Yesterday it was rumored that he loaned a considerable sum to a prominent attorney, and also that he loaned to two women who wished to buy stock in the Alton Manufacturing company at Sandwich. So far as the first case is concerned, it could not be verified, while in the latter the names of the women could not be obtained.

In the case of the two women, about \$2000 is involved, and was loaned them on the stock they bought in the glass factory. The point involved is whether or not the loan to them can be counted as an asset of King in the settlement of his estate.

In the hands of Inspector McGarr there are upwards of forty cases where fraud and conspiracy are alleged. Reference Gibbs has received notification that King has been adjudicated a bankrupt, and in turn has notified Charles A. McDonough to prepare a schedule of the creditors.

In Augusta, Me., two equity petitions have been entered with the county clerk against King and the National Mercantile company. It is understood that the suits brought in Maine are to protect suits in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Shot Her Old Sweetheart

Proctor, Vt., April 3.—Declaring that he no longer must live apart from her, Louise Engage shot and severely wounded her former sweetheart, Joseph Tarkasel, at the latter's home here. Miss Engage and Tarkasel came together to this country from Hungary some years ago. She is 23 years old and has been employed as a domestic in New York city. Tarkasel became separated from the girl after their arrival in this country and he came to Proctor, where he now has a wife and two children. He is 27 years old.

Tight Squeeze In Speed Trial

Rockland, Me., April 2.—Facing adverse conditions in the way of head wind and heavy seas, the armored cruiser Montaba won a slender victory on the Rockland trial course. Her fastest mile, which was made with the tide in her favor, was at the rate of 22.85 knots an hour, but the average of her five runs at top speed was 22.035. "This gives but a small margin over contract requirements from the builders, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock company."

Stole Leather From Freight Car

Boston, April 3.—William Wilson, who was arrested in St. Louis and brought here, charged with the larceny of 433 rolls of leather from a freight car, valued at \$3651, was sentenced to serve two years in the house of correction. The railroad officials and consigne did not know of their loss until the authorities at St. Louis notified the local police of the recovery of the property and the capture of Wilson.

Strike of Springfield Painters

Springfield, Mass., April 3.—Following a refusal of the master painters to grant Saturday half-holidays, with pay for a full week, the journeymen painters in practically all the shops in the city have quit work. Thirty-three of the bosses have declared for the "open shop."

Closed For Indefinite Period

Providence, April 3.—A notice has been posted in the Providence plant of the Joseph Hauligan Rubber company, informing the operatives that the factory will be closed indefinitely and that in the future the goods will be manufactured in Woonsocket.

BABY'S EYESIGHT
WAS THREATENED

By Terrible Eczema—Head Became
a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores
—Would Scratch Till Blood Came
—Much Money Wasted in Fruitless
Treatments—Disease Was Soon

CURED AT SLIGHT COST
BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all one sore. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that her ears would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. At night we had to pin her hands down. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema, and she was seven months old. I started to use Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent, and in three weeks—what a change! I kept using the Cuticura Remedies for two months and our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fair as a new-born baby, and all for the small cost of a dollar and seventy-five cents where we had spent ten times the money for doctoring. She is now two years old and has not had a sign of the eczema since. Mrs. H. F. Rudke, R. F. D. 4, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, 1907."

SLEEP KILLED

By an Itching Humor. Another
Cure by Cuticura Remedies.

"I broke out with a humor which spread almost all over my body. The itching would get worse on retiring, so I could not sleep. I tried several remedies but it grew worse until I got some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Pills which began to relieve me at once. By the time I had used one vial of the Pills, the humor was entirely gone. The every sufferer could secure the Cuticura Remedies, Travis Bates, Hamburg, Ark., Oct. 26, 1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itching Humor, Eczema, and Skin Conditions. Cuticura Remedies (50¢) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Pills (50¢) to Purify the Blood. Complete Price List and Free Booklet sent by mail. Send for them now. Write to: Cuticura Remedies, P. O. Box 100, New York, N. Y.

YOUR BUSINESS

We solicit your business, and are always glad to consult and advise with those who do business with us or contemplate placing business in our hands. All matters intrusted to us are held strictly confidential.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Treasurer.

Spring Opening
—AT—
SCHREIER'S,
143 Thames Street, Phone 1133
====NOW ON====
An Exquisite Display
ARTISTIC DESIGNS
MILLINERY in all its branches
Showing up all the Novelties of the Season.
Schreier's ...The...
Leading House
143 THAMES STREET.

Pocahontas Pittston
Georges Creek Lehigh
Lykens Valley Reading
Lorberry Cannel
NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Telephone 222.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.
With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.
OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

SOUVENIR POSTALS.
You can find anything you want in our assortment of
SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.
ALSO A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF
NICE STATIONERY
FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP.
At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.
S. S. THOMPSON.

Cleveland House
27 CLARKE STREET.
The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
Apply to CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.
PERRY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON SQUARE.
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, 25 up. Special Rates by the Week. F. M. WISWILL, Prop.
F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Consult prescriptions given personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
L-27 530 A. M.—8:30 P. M.
Furnished Cottages
TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent

When Grandpa Wore the Loyal Blue.

I see the stooping of a form
That age and toll have bent;
I see the silver on a brow
Where winter's frost has spent;
I see the dimming of an eye
That once did brightly gleam;
When Grandpa wore the loyal blue
And drank from his content.

I ask him if he feels his years
He quickly answers—No!
The future looks on him no fear
The past was yesterday;
I listen to the stories,
Of the days that he has seen
When once he wore the loyal blue
And drank from his content.

Then memory brings his form erect
The flash comes to his eye,
His foot takes on the gait he stepped
In the old days long ago;
As if he heard the bugle too
Where flying flags were seen,
Back where he wore the loyal blue
And drank from his content.

Some day he'll wake beyond the stars
That shine high in the sky,
There never rest of cannon jars
Nor mimic shells fly;
He'll live on there with comrades true
Whom long he has not seen,
Not since he wore the loyal blue
And drank from his content.

—E. M. Foss.

Meet Me Half-Way.

Come, teach me the worth of affection,
The love that will never grow cold,
A love which will brighten life's pathway,
More precious than silver or gold.
Then whisper of love in a cottage—
A charm that no lover would miss—
And with your sweet face washed in beauty,
Just meet me half-way with a kiss.

Come, tell me how long I must linger,
A sighing form you can give,
These years you have kept me waiting—
I'm tired of sunshine to live.
Then teach me the worth of affection,
While I'm so near for bliss,
And with your fair face bright with blushes,
Just meet me half-way with a kiss.

Come, teach me the art of true loving,
And smile when I call you my dear;
My heart is now throbbing with pleasure,
And tenderly drawing you near.
While youth's bright warm summer is passing—
Oh, give me one token of bliss!
Just try to meet me with an answer,
I'll meet you half-way with a kiss.

While shadows of twilight are deepening,
And twilight's songs we can hear,
Come, teach me the worth of affection,
The love that is constant and true.
I wait in the sweetest of clover,
And long for your token of bliss;
Come, love with your fond eyes growing,
And meet me half-way with a kiss.

The Life For Me.

Mildred Marguerite Whitney in April St.
Nicholas League.

When the east winds blow,
And the clouds are low,
And the foam is flying free—
Then all your love to me,
With the rising gale,
And steer for the stormy sea!

With every dash,
That the gray waves lash,
As the boat bounds down the bay,
In the plunging bow,
Your fearless brow,
Is struck by the flying spray.

For the sloop will leap,
Over the tossing deep,
With the strength of a racing steed;
And your hand is on the wheel,
With the wild wind's roar,
And the wonderful sense of speed;

Then hot for the strife,
And the glorious life,
That waits for you and for me—
For him who braves
The wild, wild waves,
And the wind from the open sea!

Tell Me.

Tell me, darling, if you love me;
I can scarce believe it true.
Tell me often if you love me,
'Tis a story ever new.
Think not that I have forgotten,
For the memory of that hour
Is abiding with me ever,
Like the fragrance of a flower.

But, beloved, there are moments
When a woman's heart is stirred
To its very depths with hunger
For a smile, a kiss, a word.
When a powerful wave of perfume
Striking on the hungry heart,
Brings the all-pervading faintness
Heavy odors can impart.

When the cherished recollection
Of a happiness ideal
Seems more a pain than pleasure
In its likeness to the real,
And a tender rapture
Of the love we know exists
Would dispel the doubts and tremors
As the rising sun the mists.

Moods.

(Somerville Journal)

If the sky looks dark,
And the air seems chill,
And the clouds are gray,
And the world looks dim,
And the whole wide world
Looks dull and grim—
Why, the outlook's very
Dark and dim.

But you're blue, old man, that's all,
You're blue!
If the sun shines clear,
And the sky is fair,
And a sparkle of life
Thrills the bracing air,
And the world looks bright,
And the breezes play,
And nature smiles—
Why, the outlook's gay,
And you're right!

April.

Swelling bud and fond suggestion,
Whispering of perfume,
Tender rapture, thrilling question
Of restraint or bloom,
Life all dreamily sleeping,
As in death, but now,
Upward to the sunbeams creeping—
April, that is thou!

Mystery's authentic dwelling,
Faintly expanding wing,
Mildly loveliness foretelling
Fuller blossoming,
Prophet of the new creation,
Priestess of the hush,
Month of the imagination,
April, that is thou!

—Florence Earle Coates in April Lippincott's.

Waiting for Dinner.

When one is very hungry,
It's hard to wait, I know,
For minutes seem like hours
And the clock is always slow.

There isn't time to play a game,
You just sit down and wait,
While Mother says, "Be patient,
Our cook is never late."

It's best when one is hungry,
To think of other things,
For then, before you know it,
The bell for dinner rings.

—Alden Arthur Knipe in March St. Nicholas.

In Our Forefathers' Day.

From the March St. Nicholas.

When grandfather dear was a wee little lad,
This is the tale he often told,
Of a child he once had, and
While mother winds yarn from his little
Pink hands.

And when it's all wound by the fire she'll
All the long shining needles, and merrily
On a pair of blue mittens with lovely red
Lands, to keep off the cold from those little pink
Hands.

Here's A Way To Save Doctor Bills.

Physicians Give Free Advice, by Which Patients May Profit.

It was an association of gentlemen, professionally physicians and chemists, all of whom were born in the drug trade, so to speak, and who have been connected with it all their lives, who first gave to the world Castoria, which is every one knows is a pleasant and effective remedy for the ailments of infants and children. It has always been recognized as a meritorious preparation, and its reward has been the greatest popularity ever enjoyed by any remedy ever put upon the market; attained, not by flamboyant advertising or appeals to ignorance or vulgar prejudice, but by inherent merit. All physicians recommend it, and many, very many, prescribe it.

Many parents call in the family physician. Many other parents take advantage of what the physician told them when he was first called in consultation. All good family physicians say: "Give the children Castoria." Healthy parents know this remedy of old, for they took it themselves as children. It was more than thirty years ago that Castoria made a place for itself in the household. It bore the signature of Charles H. Fletcher then, as it does today. The signature is its guarantee, which is accepted in thousands of homes where there are children.

Much is printed nowadays about big families, Dr. William J. McCann, of Omaha, Neb., is the father of one of these much-read-about families. Here is what he says:

"As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have, in my years of practice, found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Charles H. Fletcher has received hundreds of letters from prominent physicians who have the same esteem for Castoria that Dr. McCann has. Not only do these physicians say they use Castoria in their own families, but they prescribe it for their patients. First of all it is a vegetable preparation which assimilates the food and regulates the stomach and bowels. After eating comes sleeping, and Castoria looks out for that too. It always feverishness and prevents loss of sleep, and this absolutely without the use of opium, morphine or other baneful narcotic.

Medical journals are reluctant to discuss proprietary medicines. Hall's Journal of Health, however, says: "Our duty is to expose danger and record the means for advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health by regulating the system, not by stupefying it, and our readers are entitled to the information."

A Doubtful Question.

Superintendent McLaren, of San Francisco's system of public parks was inspecting the work of restoring Union square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis had been removed.

"I'm for heaven's sake out of this hum little bush," remarked a gardener with a brogue.

"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water and it will grow as tall as you are."

"You're not very tall yourself, Mr. McLaren."

"Not extraordinarily so."

"I say, Mr. McLaren," reflected the gardener, thoughtfully, "did you ever try water yourself?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Except—

From time immemorial there had been a law in Applegate, County Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and if, for instance, one should say he had the best coat in the place he must add the words "Except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner at the inn. After paying his bill he said to the landlord, "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The landlord, except the mayor. The stranger, except nothing. As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined £10 for breaking the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked around him and said, slowly, "I'm the biggest fool in town, except the mayor."—Harper's Weekly.

T-T-Two of a K-K-Kind.

A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a red-haired boy of about 12.

"S-s-say," he said, "d-d-d-o-y-you know h-h-h-how late this train is?"

The boy grinned but made no reply. The man stuttered out something about red-headed kids in general and passed into the station.

A stranger, overhearing the one-sided conversation, asked the boy why he hadn't answered the big man.

"D-d-d-y-e-wanter see me g-g-get me f-f-f-a-c-e punched?" stammered the boy. "D-d-d-d-b-b-b-g-g-g-g-y'd think I was m-m-m-mocking him."—Everybody's Magazine.

The conductor of one of the three-cent cars avows that a resident had the nerve to hand this one to him the other day:

"I want to get off at Minute street," the passenger told him.

The conductor thought over the old names of the numbered streets that he crossed and then shook his head. "Never heard of Minute street—not even of any Minute avenue," he told the passenger.

The car rumbled on, and after they had passed the fifths, the passenger began to look about him.

A moment or two later the conductor yelled out: "Sixty-second!"

And the jolting passenger ran back to the rear platform to get off.

But they were clear out into the elights before the conductor saw the joke. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cardinal Richelieu once listened to an earnest sermon by a shoemaker. The man was unaffected and apparently not at all dismayed by the presence of the cardinal.

"How could you preach to me with so much confidence?" Richelieu asked him in evident surprise.

"Monsieur," replied the shoemaker, "I learned my sermon by reciting it in a field of cabbage heads in the midst of which was one red one, and this practice enabled me to preach to you."

Many Mistakes of Schoolroom.

Examination Papers Show Pupils' Wonderful Conceptions of History.

The London University Correspondent prints some diverting mistakes from the schoolroom. For example: Shakespeare wrote a play called The Winter's Sale.

The Crusades were a wild and savage people until Peter the Hermit preached to them.

The chief crops of England are corn, the chief exports are Liverpool, Southampton and the River Thames.

Shakespeare is indebted to Sir Oliver Lodge for the plot of As You Like It. The modern name for Gaul is vinegar.

Question—Annotate "Those little cates which the ravens administered to the Tishbite." Answer—"The 'c' ending in cates has now been contracted to 's'."

A volcano is a hole in the earth's crust which emits lava and ashes. The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the seas, therefore it is sometimes called the battle of Water-loo.

"The Complete Angler" is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles.

President Roosevelt invented short-hand. A roadstead is a roadside cottage or farmhouse.

The two races living in the north of Europe are Esquimaux and archangels. The king carried his sepulcher in his hand.

The Rhine is boarded by wooden mountains. On the low coast plains of Mexico yellow fever is very popular.

In the year 1593 ever parish was made responsible for the supply of its own deserving poor.

During the interdict the poor were buried in uncrested ground. Chaucer lived in the year 1800-1400. He was one of the greatest English poets after the Marmos came to England.

An unknown hand threw a narrow at Rufus and killed him dead on the spot. Adverbs ending in where are somewhere, nowhere, earthewhere.

Stirling was famous for its sovereignty, who used to be crowned there. A sovereign is still called a "pound sterling."

A volcano is burning mountain with a creature in it. Subjects have a right to partition the king.

Alfred Austin was chosen by the queen as poet laureate. He said, "If you let me make the songs of the nation, I care not who sings them."

The electrical prince of Bavaria claimed the throne of Spain. During the reformation every clergyman was compelled to receive 39 articles.

Some of the West India Islands are subject to torpedoes. The imperfect tense is used (in French) to express future action in past time which does not take place at all.

Becket put on a camel-skin shirt and his life at once became dangerous. Arabias has many apophis and very bad ones; it gets into your hair even with your mouth shut.

Uninquisitive Woman.

If You Meet One Set Her Down as a Suspicious Character.

The man sat idly by while his wife made up the list of invitations to her club's first charity card party of the season.

"There is Mrs. Burbank," he suggested, when she had read the names aloud for the twentieth time, and had begun to gnaw at the end of her pencil again as a sign of searching for more.

"Why don't you invite her?" "I don't like her," said the woman. "I'm afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?" ejaculated the man. "Why? She impressed me as being the most agreeable woman I have seen around here in a long while. She doesn't seem the least bit prying or inquisitive."

"That is just why I am afraid of her," said the woman. "She isn't inquisitive enough. I am sure she has some shameful secret of her own to conceal. If she hadn't she would pry into other people's business more than she does. I don't know how it is with men, but among women there is one safe principle to go on: beware of the woman who asks no questions."

"I have known a good many women in my time, and just as soon as I find one who studiously avoids her own business I set her down as a suspicious character. It is her own duplicity that prompts her to live up to the golden rule. She fancies that everybody else has something to conceal, the same as she has, and her own experience has taught her to be considerate enough not to want to rub other people's sore spots. Then, by refraining from asking questions, she deprives others of a chance to quiz her, and so safeguards her own family skeleton."

"Take, for example, the case of that Mrs. Armstrong, who broke into our set a year or so ago. She never pried into other folks' affairs, either. I tested her, just to see if she could be made to ask personal questions. I found she couldn't. I hired one day at some terrible scandal in my family, and gave her every opportunity in the world to put me on the rack, but she refrained the bait. She understood me, too. Once she turned toward me with a little gesture of sympathy, but she did not ask for further confidence on my part. Now, if that had been me—"

"Yes," said the man, "if that had been you? What would you have done?"

"Done? Why, I'd have tried to find out something, of course. So would any other honest, upright woman who had good red blood in her veins and nothing to fear. We learned later that Mrs. Armstrong really was—but, oh, dear, I can't bear to talk about it. And it's the same way I feel quite sure, with that Mrs. Burbank. No, thank you. None of her society for me. I'd rather cultivate the biggest tattler in town than a close-mouthed woman like Mrs. Burbank."

The man pondered this feminine philosophy for many minutes in silence. "From a woman's course of reasoning," he finally exclaimed, devoutly, "and her actions that hang thereon, good Lord deliver us!"—New York Times.

True Generosity.

"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."

"But think how much slumber they furnish other people."—The Herald of Presbyter.

CASPAR. It's Good For You Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

People who are in love imagine that they fool other people.

Old-Time Decoy Ponds.

The Profession of Decoyman a Recognized Calling—How Wild Fowl Were Trapped.

(From the London Globe.)

Among all the old-time home industries which have fallen to decay within the last century few have been so quickly ruined as the business of wildfowling by means of the decoy. A hundred, and even fifty, years ago the decoy pond was a feature of scores of estates up and down the land, and was often the means of adding a pretty penny to the income of its proprietor. The profession of decoyman was in those days quite a recognized calling, and many a man found it a fascinating and remunerative occupation.

The success of the decoy depended, of course, upon its surroundings, and those near the sea generally yielded the best bugs. The pond itself was always situated in an isolated spot, and surrounded by trees and bushes, so that the fowl would naturally resort to it as a place of quietude and apparent security. All around the wood in which the decoy lay hidden marsh and waste land stretched sometimes for miles, and the decoyman's hut, built out of sight among the bushes, was usually the only dwelling in the vicinity. Narrow channels, generally not fewer than two nor more than eight in number, led from the edges of the pond toward the "plugs," which formed their curved and narrow extremities, and alongside each of these were erected rows of screens, made of rushes of brushwood, for the double purpose of giving the fowl a greater sense of security and enabling the fowler to carry out his purpose.

At times a decoyman would reply solely upon the attractions of food to lure his victims into the trap. The decoy ducks on the pond would come to him as soon as he bounded his low, familiar whistle, which to them implied that it was feeding time, and the wild birds would follow in the wake of their tame relations. Step by step the decoyman drew the ducks nearer and nearer to their doom by throwing food to them from behind the screens as they sailed up the ever-narrowing channel. At last when he had them once early within the netted pipe, he left off feeding, and rushing quickly back to his starting point, showed himself at a gap in the screen. The frightened ducks flew straight up the pipe, hoping to escape at its further end, while the fowler, showing himself at each fresh gap in the screen, hastened after them. By the time he came up with them they were all struggling and flustered in a hopeless mass in the tunnel at the end of the pipe; the trapdoor was thereupon closed, and the poor deluded birds were trapped beyond all chance of escape.

Not the least arduous part of the decoyman's business was the training of his dogs to entice the ducks by all sorts of antics to enter the "pipe," for the slightest mistake on the part of the sagacious animal would alarm the fowl and so frighten them that they would hastily turn tail and leave the decoy with such a commotion that all the fowl would be scared out of the district. If this should happen it might be days before any quantity of fowl again entered the decoy, and any birds thus frightened would be far more difficult to deal with in the future. Sometimes the fowl, should they have remained on the pond for long without getting caught, would get so used to the dog that they would refuse to pay attention to his blandishment, in which case a colored cloth would be tied around him, and the ruse was generally successful in rousing the curiosity of the foolish fowl. A fox's skin tied over the dog's back has been found to add to his attractiveness, and cats, ferrets, rabbits and even an organ grinder's monkey have been tried with some effect. But all these creatures were difficult to manage, and a small, active dog of a red or yellow color with a bushy tail was always the decoyman's best aid.

Of all the counties of Great Britain where decoys formerly existed, those of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex were the most numerous and the most successful. Norfolk and Suffolk still retain a few of their ancient decoy ponds, but Lincolnshire, which once boasted forty or more, had only one at the end of the last century. This was Ashby decoy, one of the most famous of all time, for here in the years 1833 to 1868, inclusive, nearly one hundred thousand fowl were taken. At Oakley Hall decoy, in Essex, as many as twelve thousand fowl are said to have been taken on a single acre of water in the season; and although mallards were sold as low as seven shillings a dozen and teal and widgeon at the same figure for a dozen and a half, many of the decoys were worth hundreds of pounds a year to their owners. But the draining of marsh-land, the laying down of railways and the erection of factories have all tended to destroy the peace and quietude necessary to the successful working of a decoy, and wild fowl are not now plentiful enough anywhere to make the business of decoying the profitable occupation that our forefathers found it.

Only The Runner-Up.

The Best Man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy-looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the Best Man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last.

And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to. It was: "Not lately!"—April Lippincott's.

Variety At Sea.

From "Three Years Behind the Gun" in April St. Nicholas.

For variety at sea, once when we had been practicing with the six-inch guns, and were "cutting" for dinner hour, we saw a monster spouting off our starboard beam. We begged to take a shot at it, and the officer of the deck, recognizing an impromptu target, gave us leave. We fired two shots, and the expression, "a sea of blood," which I had always looked upon as an extravagance of speech, became a reality.

When we returned from mess the ocean for a mile surrounding the whale was as red—well, as red as blood.

The chief fault of an etiquette book is that it makes a 16-year-old girl ashamed of her father.—Detroit Free Press.

People who are in love imagine that they fool other people.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

900 DROPS.

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.

A Vegetable Preparation for Infants, Stimulating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of Infants & Children.

Promotes Digestion, Clearness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other NARCOTIC.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

At 6 months—old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Only Complete Balzac

If you are considering the purchase of a set of Balzac it would be well to read what American and French experts say of the Parrie Edition.

"BARRIE & SON'S is the edition *par excellence* of BALZAC."—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

"The BARRIE EDITION will take its place at once as the standard edition of the great French novelist."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"Admirably printed and illustrated, BARRIE & SON'S edition is neither abridged nor expurgated. It is the only English version which contains all that is in the original."—M. W. HAZELTINE, in the *New York Sun*.

"There is only one English translation of BALZAC that is complete and unexpurgated, and that is published by GEORGE BARRIE & SON."—*The Bookman, New York*.

"The publication of a complete unabridged and unexpurgated English translation of BALZAC'S NOVELS is an undertaking which it remained for the MESSRS. BARRIE to perform, and they have accomplished the work so successfully that their fine edition will undoubtedly stand as the standard edition of BALZAC'S writings."

"The translation is an accurate, faithful rendering of the letter and spirit of the original. It is difficult to speak in terms of too high praise of the beautiful etchings, which really illustrate the text, the splendid paper, print, and binding, which in simple elegance and good taste meet the demands of the most exacting booklover. Their edition is a genuine, honest piece of work, and a monumental undertaking admirably executed."—*Public Ledger, Philadelphia*.

"M. GEORGE BARRIE & SONS, les grands éditeurs de Philadelphie, leur édition de l'œuvre de BALZAC est entièrement illustrée par des artistes français. Nos peintres, dessinateurs et graveurs ont exécuté ou reproduit plus de quatre cents compositions pour cette belle collection. Ces Américains font vraiment bien les choses!"—*Le Figaro, Paris*.

"LA MAISON BARRIE ET FILS a pensé qu'il convenait, au seuil du XX^e siècle, d'élever un monument durable au grand romancier du XIX^e. Elle lance aujourd'hui cette grande édition réclamée depuis si longtemps, non seulement par les balzacistes, mais aussi par tout le public, véritable édition de luxe, illustrée avec amour par les meilleurs artistes, et dont le prix, malgré tous les sacrifices nécessités par une aussi vaste entreprise, a été maintenue au prix ordinaire de leur édition en anglais. Seuls, les Américains avaient osé dépenser des centaines de mille francs pour éditer superbement BALZAC."—*L'Illustration, Paris*.

For further particulars, special offers, specimens of text and illustrations, etc., address

GEORGE BARRIE & SONS

The only publishers awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal by the International Jury at Paris Exposition, 1900. Other medals 1876, Philadelphia; 1878, Paris; 1880-81, Melbourne; 1883, Vienna; 1889, Paris; 1893, Chicago.

1313 WALNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Liberal terms for agency work.

"Now," said Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated as if I were one of the family."

"All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tenderest part of the steak, "we'll try to make you feel right at home."—Chicago Record Herald.

"I tell you the closing of the Steenth National was a mighty elect call for me."

"How was that?" "Why, a friend had advised me to put my money in it, and."

"And you took his advice?" "No; but I would if I'd had any money."—*Phila. Ledger*.

Doctor (to patient whom he has been examining)—You are suffering from nicotine poisoning, caused by over-smoking.

Patient—I never smoke. Doctor—You never smoke. Well, why couldn't you have said so at the start?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"

The Buff-Colored Span.

With a long drawn sigh Alice Atherton took the seat in the outward-bound train. "I was a beautiful day early in June; the clear, balmy air ought to have given me new life and vigor, but the thoughts of this tired young girl were not upon the balmy spring air, but rather on the long, weary hours she had passed rehearsing for the commencement play."

"O, if I ever get home—home never seemed so far," she said half aloud. Opening her book her mind soon became engrossed in running over the lines of her part. Her class had chosen "The Merchant of Venice," and to her had been assigned the role of Portia, and a very fair Portia she would make. Her soft, golden hair framed a delicate oval face, exquisite in its fresh coloring. But the large, blue eyes, usually clear and bright, wore such a weary expression today. The long months of hard study were beginning to leave their fatal stamp.

Almo before she realized the distance passed she heard the name of her home city called. Hastily she gathered up her books and with her customary pleasant little smile to the conductor, on whose train she had traveled for four years, stepped lightly to the ground.

The beautiful suburban home of the Athertons was nearly three-quarters of a mile from the station. Alice chose always to walk the distance, feeling the need of the exercise in the fresh air after a long, hard day in the big city. But today she was very tired and her books never seemed so heavy. Nevertheless she started off at a good brisk pace, eager to reach home, where she knew she could find rest and quiet.

Suddenly, in some unaccountable way, she turned her ankle on a loose stone, and with a little moon sank in a heap to the sidewalk. Her senses returned to her quickly, however, and struggling to rise she made the very welcome discovery that she could not walk. Her ankle was rapidly swelling, and the sharp pain darting through it made her dizzy and faint.

"How in the world am I to reach home?" she said, gazing helplessly about her. The accident had occurred in the loneliest part of her walk; no houses were near, not a soul in sight. Though horses and carriages waited in the stable at home, poor Alice might as well have been in the depth of the forest.

Honk! Honk! And around the curve whizzed a great touring car. The driver, a young man, glanced casually at the girl as he whizzed by. Something in the pale face must have told the story of her suffering for he brought the great car to an abrupt stop, then turned about and slowly approached the pitiful little woman on the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon. May I assist you? Are you ill?" asked a deep voice. Alice began to wonder if she were awake or dreaming as she gazed into the face bending above her.

She tried to answer him, but her tongue seemed paralyzed, glued to the roof of her mouth. Then she wondered if she had studied the role of Portia too hard and had been transformed into Portia herself, Portia away off in Venice. But quickly she realized that Portia never could have been sitting in such a very undignified position. And Bassanio never did come in an automobile.

"O, thank you; you are very kind," she finally managed to say. "I am afraid I have sprained my ankle and I can't take a step. It was so clumsy of me. O, perhaps you will be kind enough to stop at my home and ask them to send the carriage for me. It is the big gray house at the corner, the one with the tower. I think you cannot miss it and it is on your way. I shall be very grateful if—"

"O, I am sorry, very sorry," answered the young man, with sympathy written on every line of his face, manly face.

"But why delay that long," he went on. "May I not take you home? 'Twill be much the quicker way and I know you are suffering intense pain." He extended his hand, and Alice made a brave attempt to reach the puffing car, but everything turned to lanky darkness about her and seemed to whirl like a merry-go-round.

With a lowly spoken "Pardon me," she was gathered into his strong arms and carried to the waiting car.

Still supporting the fainting girl he started the car. The rush through the cool air revived Alice quickly, and it seemed but a moment when the welcome sight of home was before her.

"Can you ever stop the car there?" she asked, pointing to the house. "The next house is ours." The great car seemed to be flying on the wings of the wind, and Alice wondered just how it could possibly be stopped in time.

"What, here? Is this your home?" And the young man turned and looked at her in surprise. Then as he was about to lift her from the auto she stopped him for an instant.

"Mr. Russell, I want to try and thank you for your kindness to me, but I can never thank you enough."

The young man's eyes reached her face in surprise.

"Why, you know me?" he asked.

"Yes, I know you well by sight; in fact have known you ever so long, since I was a little girl."

"Tell me," he eagerly asked. "Ah no, you are suffering and I am brute enough to forget."

"Yes, it will take too long to tell you, but perhaps if you ask the buff-colored span they can tell you," she said, trying to smile.

"The buff-colored span?" he asked, with puzzled eyes.

"Yes, those dear little horses you used to drive. Ah, you don't know how I love those horses, and I can't tell you how I have missed them of late."

"You said a moment ago that you cannot thank me," he said. "Ah, but you can. By telling me that to-morrow I may call and inquire for the injured ankle, and that then, if you are able, you will tell me about the buff-colored span."

And as he carried her up the broad walk Alice Atherton gave her consent. Early that evening a messenger boy brought to her a great bunch of yellow roses bearing a card:

"Best wishes for a speedy recovery.—The Buff-Colored Span."

Alice buried her face deep in the dewy blossoms and softly murmured: "How strange it has happened!"

O the following day she was propped up with pillows on the big couch in the library. Her dainty blue silk negligee lay about her in soft silken folds. She was a very fascinating little invalid.

The injured ankle was much better, and the physician had given her the assurance that a week would find her again at college.

"Doctor, you must get me back quickly," she had said. "Why, graduation comes in two weeks and O so much to be done before then."

And her good old physician had promised to do his best.

"O, hum, hum, I know Portia back ward and forward, so I'm just going to be lazy and read away my time while I wait for this thrombosed ankle to get well," and with a resigned air the young lady took her book.

Thus it was that she was lost in the most exciting part of her story when suddenly she heard the faint sound of horses' feet. Her heater seemed to stand still for an instant, then fluttered until it seemed it would flutter right up into her mouth. Her book dropped to the floor and the warm rose color dyed her neck and face. She heard the familiar sound she had loved since a girl fifteen years old, the steady trot-trot of the Buff-Colored Span. Nearer and nearer came the sound and wonder of wonders stopped at her door. From the carriage leaped her friend of yesterday, her friend in need.

Surely her face must have expressed something of the delight she felt at seeing the chubby little pair again, for the first words the young man said as he looked at the vision of dainty woman reclining on her couch were:

"Ah, you are better today."

"Yes, much better, thank you, and you have almost made me well. O, if I could only walk, if I could only run out to those horses just to pat their glossy necks. O, for months and months I have missed them!" She had forgotten where she was, to whom she was talking so keen was her delight.

"Why, I began to almost hate your auto, you, the auto which so befriended me yesterday, because I feared you had sold the Buff-Colored Span."

"Said that? Ah, never, never! But I want to ask you something. Tell me, how do you know my name?"

"Well, eight years ago we moved into our new home. On the first Sunday spent here I was sitting by my window and you drove by. A week after week, day after day, you passed and I grew to watch for the Buff-Colored Span. Sometimes the coachman held the reins, and a sweet-faced lady, your mother, seemed to feel so safe and happy behind the steady little fellows. Again, a young man held the reins, then for a time, a very long time, I missed the familiar trot-trot. I had learned to love so well, and one day I asked a friend who lives in your home town about them. Then I learned the owner's name, your name."

"And I think I know yours," he answered. "This has always been a favorite drive of mine, and years ago a very old house stood upon this spot. One day as we passed we saw the old house partly torn down. This I finally discovered. Then we watched the new home grow in its place, and we watched the building with interest as we passed. Well, how strange it is. And to think you have watched our little horses all this time!" His voice had grown deep and he was as one lost in thought.

Suddenly he extended his hand, and, clasping the little white hand of the girl, he said:

"Miss Atherton, I want you to promise me that you will gain rapidly. Then I shall ask you to ride with me, and you yourself shall drive the Buff-Colored Span."

What an incentive to mend even broken bones. The injured ankle did hurry and grow stronger so that Alice soon had the delight she never had hoped to know of putting her arms about the glossy necks of those dear little horses.

"Do you think Alice a bit conceited that she grew to adore her own little ankle?" She felt very much like putting it away in a sweet lavender, away in a secret box as most girls hide their treasures, the treasures which bring so much happiness.

Sometimes as she sped away over the ground behind the Buff-Colored Span she would say:

"Jack, pinch me, pinch me hard. I think I am dreaming again. I'm sure I don't awake. O, those dear horses."

Thus the months flew by on rapid wing. One day after one of her frequent drives her friend in need, her friend, indeed, said to her:

"Alice, I'm almost jealous of my horses; which do you love best, sweet-heart?"

Then with her happy face hidden on a broad shoulder she confessed her story.

"Foolish boy," she said. "Listen, Jack! First I know you as a boy, then as a college youth and now for ever so long I have watched you go by my home, always with your mother. Sometimes I would sit and wonder as you passed: 'Will I ever see some beautiful young girl beside him, some beautiful girl he will love?' But I didn't like to think of that long."

"Alice," his voice was deep and tender.

"Yes, all this time I have known you and I have loved you, Jack."

But she could say no more. Her breath was cut off suddenly and masterfully as he clasped her tight in his arms and smothered her with tender kisses.

"My little love, my wedding gift to you shall be the Buff-Colored Span."

Unruly Tresses.

Sometimes the simplest little aids will make a marked difference in a woman's appearance. For instance, one whose hair is unmanageable will find that by applying a mixture of one teaspoonful of glycerin of five times as much water.

These short strands stay neatly in place, says the New York Evening Telegram. In putting on the mixture should be well shaken and then applied to the hair with a soft brush just before the dressing.

The coiffure is then done up in the usual way and the hair should lie in place without having a sticky or oily look.

When short hairs are obstinate the best method of treating is to put them on curlers. Afterwards they should be combed out until soft and fluffy.

If soft curlers are used they may be scented with perfume so that they will impart to the hair a delicate fragrance after a contact of hours.

There may be a few drops of any perfume put into the glycerin and water solution, but the greatest care should be taken not to have the effect strong.

One afternoon the proprietor of an animal store said to his young clerk:

"Tom, I'm going upstairs to work on the books. If any one comes in for a live animal, let me know. You can attend to selling the stuffed animals yourself."

About half an hour later in came a gentleman with his son and asked Tom if he could show him a live monkey. To the customer's amazement, the clerk ran to the foot of the stairs and yelled:

"Come down, come down, sir; you're wanted."—Judge's Library.

Horror of the Desert.

Deserts Mean General Unescapable Death Grip on the World.

From Percival Lowell's "Mars and the Future of the Earth" to the April Century.

Deserts already exist on the earth, and the nameless horror that attaches to the word to the thoughts of all who have had experience of them, or are gifted with imagination to conceive, is in truth greater than we commonly suppose. For the cosmic circumstance about them which is most terrible is not that deserts are, but that deserts have begun to be. Not as local, inevitable evils are they only to be pictured, but as the general unescapable death grip on our world. For it is the beginning of the end. What depauperates the forest to grass lands, and thence to wastes, must in turn attack the sea bottoms when they shall have parted with their seas. Last of the little spots upon the planet because of the salts the steams have for ages washed down, and of the remnant of moisture that would still drift into them, eventually they must share the fortune of their predecessors, and the planet roll a parched orb through space. The picture is forbidding; but the fact seems one to which we are constructively pledged and into which we are in some sort already adventuring.

Girdling the earth with what it takes but little personalization to liken to the life-extinguishing serpent's coils, run two desert belts of country. The one follows, roughly speaking, the Tropic of Cancer, extending northward from the Gulf of Mexico, the Tropic of Capricorn, the Tropic of Cancer, the Sahara, Arabia and the deserts of central Asia.

Now, these desert belts are growing. In the great desert of northern Arizona the traveler, threading his way across a sagebrush and cacti plain shut in by arid-shaded shelves of land rising here and there some hundreds of feet higher, suddenly comes upon a petrified forest.

Trunks of trees in all stages of fracture strew the ground over a space some miles in extent. So perfect are their forms, he is almost inclined to think the desert a petrified wood-chopper has been by and left the scattered products of his art in scattered confusion upon the scene of his exploit. Only their dead, staring color conveys a sense of strangeness to the eyes and teaching down and teaching them, he finds that they are stone. Chandeliers, not carbons! Forest has out-lived its life and kept the remembrance, while the particles of the original matter have all been spirited away. Yet so perfect is the preservation, one can hardly believe the fact, and where one fallen giant spans a little canyon, one almost thinks to hear the sound of water rushing down the creek.

But it is some millions of years and the forest, uprooted, it left prone, with limbs outstretched in futile grasp upon the other side. A conifer it was, casual only to such as grow to-day, and flourished probably in the Cretaceous era; for the land has not been under water here since the advent of Tertiary times.

Nowhere near it, except for the rare cottonwoods along the bank of the Little Colorado, grows anything to-day. The land which once supported these forests is incompetent to do so now. Yet nothing has changed there since except the decreasing water supply. During Tertiary and Quaternary times the rainfall has been growing less and less. Proof of this is offered by the great pine oaks that cap the plateau of which these petrified forests form a part, and is kerueled by the San Francisco peaks. The height above sea level of the spot where the chancelled trunks are strewn is about 1,500 feet, the lower present limit of the pine in its full development is 6,500 feet. Two thousand feet upward the verdure line has retreated since the former forests were. And this is no local alteration, for upon the other side of the plateau petrified remains of trees are similarly found.

The blue of perpetual green has risen because in desert regions the moisture is found most plentiful nearest to the clouds from which it falls upon a parching earth. Streams, instead of gathering volume as they go, are largest near their source, and grow less and less with each fresh mile of flow. The Brooks descending from the Anti-Lebanon, in Syria, water the gardens of Damascus, and thence feeding upon the plateau, lose themselves just beyond the threshold of its gates. So in the Arizona desert, though to a less degree, and those who live there know it but too well.

Young Bertie counted pretty Ann, and asked her for his wife.

Said she: "I love no other man, so will yours for life!"

Then gently round her taper waist his arms in rapture went, and on those ruby lips he chaste the first long kisses spent.

"What is it," cried he, in his joy, "that draws this heart of mine? What makes those cheeks so bright and coy, those eyes like stars to shine? What is it proves the world so fair when they sweet form is nigh; that permeates the ambient air, the trees, the flowers, the sky? Oh, say, what is it that enthalls the kiss I hold so dear?"

She gazed on his bosom faith. "It's unious, love, I fear!"—Answers.

"Is the master of the house in?" inquired the smooth-tongued book agent of the little boy who had answered his ring.

"Nope," said the boy.

"Little boys should not tell falsehoods," said the book agent. "Isn't that your father reading the newspaper there by the window?"

"Yen," was the answer. "That's pa all right, but ma is out."—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Ferguson—"George, what do you have to do when you want to draw some money out of a bank?"

Mr. Ferguson—"You have to put some money in the bank beforehand. That's always been my experience."—Chicago Tribune.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vermont, is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in Peace—Until We Meet Again."

Lawyer—Was your friend an accessory before the fact?

Witness—Sure, sir, but most sorry he was after the fact, sir.—Baltimore American.

"Have you had the grip yet, professor?"

"The Professor—"Really, you must excuse me. I have been so busy I've had no time for anything."—Life.

CASTORIA.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Avoid dragging about what you have; it is a mark of low breeding.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

The carpenter may build the house but the inmates must make the home.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Liver Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

Mrs. Grundy's Catechism.

(For the instruction of Old Women of Both Sexes in the Strict Principles of Respectability.)

Question—What is your name?
Answer—Mrs. Grundy.
Q.—Who gave you this name?
A.—A certain dramatist of the nineteenth century, who introduced me into one of his plays as a person whose censures all respectable persons live in mortal dread of incurring.

Q.—Are you very censorious?
A.—Very. It is what I am here for.

Q.—What is your pet abomination?
A.—Impropriety in any shape.

Q.—Define this term "impropriety."
A.—Impropriety is the open transgression of any of the recognized conventionalities.

Q.—What are the recognized conventionalities?
A.—A cast-iron code of unwritten laws, the disregard of which is a certain passport to social obloquy in this world, and to the Tartarean bowdies in the next.

Q.—What is the most important of these unwritten laws?
A.—The law of decency.

Q.—What do you mean by "decency?"
A.—I mean that great and salutary principle which insists upon the rigid suppression and concealment of all natural humanity (particularly of all natural femininity), and upon the ignoring of everything connected, however remotely, with human physiology.

Q.—Can you reduce this answer to plainer and less technical English?
A.—I can; but I must ask you to excuse me.

Q.—Why?
A.—Because plain English in relation to such matters is against my conscience.

Q.—How much of her natural self is it decent for a respectable woman to reveal?
A.—That depends upon circumstances.

Q.—Upon what circumstances?
A.—Upon her social position and also upon the time of day when the revelation is made.

Q.—Explain your answer more precisely.
A.—I will. A lady in society must, in the daytime, strictly limit such revelation to her face, hands and arms as far as the elbow; but at night she may, without offense, uncover practically her whole bust, including her arms to the shoulder.

Q.—May I infer, that what would be indecent by daylight becomes decent, and even obligatory, by gas or electric light?
A.—You may.

Q.—What is the reason why gas or electric light has this palliative, but to say concealing, influence on an otherwise indecent nudity?
A.—I do not concern myself with the reason, but merely with the fact—which is as I have stated.

Q.—What is prudery?
A.—The infinite capacity of being shocked.

Q.—What is an ultra-Puritan?
A.—One whose nose for veiled improprieties is so keen that he, or she, is able to scent them in art, literature or conversation, even when they are totally imperceptible to the average person's moral faculties.

Q.—Are you an ultra-Puritan?
A.—I am.

Q.—Have you, then, this keen nose for ordinary imperceptible improprieties?
A.—I have.

Q.—Does the possession of such a faculty imply a peculiarly intimate and extensive knowledge of evil on the part of its possessor?
A.—It does.

Q.—How came so rigidly respectable a lady as yourself to acquire this knowledge?
A.—By observing the wicked practices of my neighbors.—London Truth.

Paper from Grass.

Esparto is not an agricultural product, and it seems fitting that the leading export of the Tripolitan people should be a product of their own arid land, wild and incapable of cultivation. Since 1868, when the first shipment of esparto was sent to England, vessels have borne away thousands of tons yearly to that country. You or I pick up a heavy looking novel perchance and marvel at its lightness, and the reader of some London newspaper perceives its columns and then casts aside the fluted product of the esparto picker. In 1901, which was an average year, 215,185 camel loads came into the port of Tripoli, nearly 134,000 passed through the gateway of the Suk-el-Halfa, the total export of the country amounting to about 39,000 tons. That from the town of Tripoli, 10,600 tons, brought £75,500, which was over a fourth of the amount of her total exports.—Harper's Magazine.

More Marriages in England.

Many interesting details as to the marriages which took place in England and Wales during 1906 are given in the registrar general's detailed report for that year. There were more of them than in the previous year, but the increase was not conspicuous in the case of widowers, while there was no increase at all to that of widows. As already recorded, the birth rate was abnormally low, while the death rate was higher for the year. The marriage rate shows an increase of 0.3 over 1905, but was 0.2 below the average for the ten years 1896-1905. The birth rate was the lowest ever recorded, being 0.1 less than in 1905 and 1.6 lower than the decennial average.—London Chronicle.

"He said I had a face like one of Raphael's angels."

"Oh, well, the faces of Raphael's angels were painted, you know."—Tit-Bits.

Kinkler—What makes a successful politician?

Booker—The ability to tell a bandwagon from a hearse.—Judge.

A Vermont man who advertised for a wife received nineteen replies from husbands offering theirs.—The Rhode Island Advertiser.

A substance made of potatoes is replacing wood for pencil making. It is cheap and is more easily sharpened than a pencil of wood.

All the Bell telephones made each year were blended into a single instrument, it would be nearly 300 miles high and weigh 4000 tons.

In Madagascar there is a natural fortress with precipitous walls 1000 feet high. The only means of access is a subterranean passage.

A toad is said to lay 11,500 eggs a year, but only 1 egg in 1000 develops into a toad.

Women's Dep't.

Women Who Want to Vote.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

In reply to a recent syndicated article entitled "American Suffragettes" an entirely one-sided account of the referendum on woman suffrage taken in Massachusetts 13 years ago is given. Permit me to supply the other side.

In 1895, the Massachusetts Legislature gave all the women opposed to equal suffrage the opportunity to vote on the question, "Is it expedient that municipal suffrage should be extended to women?" Of the 575,000 women of voting age in Massachusetts, only 891 voted against it. The opponents covered the walls and fences in every town and village in the State with huge posters urging the women to vote out; yet, in 233 out of the 822 towns of Massachusetts, not one woman voted in the negative. In every county and in every Senatorial and Representative District, the women's vote was in favor, the majority in the affirmative averaging 25 to 1.

In Maine, Illinois, Iowa, New York, Kansas, in short wherever petitions in favor of woman suffrage and remonstrances against it have been sent to the Legislature, the petitioners have always outnumbered the remonstrants and generally have outnumbered them 50 or 100 to one. In New York, at the time of the last Constitutional Convention, the suffragists secured 800,000 signatures to their petitions, the "Antis" only 15,000. When Chicago women, led by Jane Adams, lately tried to obtain a municipal woman suffrage clause in the new city charter, 67 organizations with an aggregate membership of 10,000 women, petitioned for suffrage, while only one small organization of women petitioned against it.

Most women are indifferent, but, of those who take any interest either way, the large majority are in favor. This has been shown wherever the matter has been brought to a test.

Literary Notes.

Teachers everywhere, but especially of the secondary or preparatory schools, are finding much food for thought in the series of articles entitled "Educating Our Boys," now appearing in Lippincott's Magazine. The first of these, "The Cost," was published in the March number. The second, "The Time and the Task," will be brought out in the April number (on sale March 21st). Joseph M. Rogers, the author, is entitled to the thanks of the community for his timely and enlightening articles.

Parents who are uncertain as to the advisability of allowing their boys and girls to become members of school secret societies, or "frats," will be much interested in an article on "Boys and Girls' Secret Societies," by Ellis O. Jones in the April Lippincott's.

Theatrical life is not being neglected in Lippincott's Magazine, for the April issue contains a splendid novel dealing with the play-folk by the well-known actress-author, Virginia Tracy. It is entitled, "They Also Serve; The Story of a Farewell Performance," and is said to be one of the best pictures of stage life ever painted. A new series of theatrical stories by Will Levington Comfort will also appear in this magazine in the near future.

Many Elliot Sewall, whose recently published book "The Secret of Tour" has made something of a hit, contributes a strong story dealing with conditions in South Africa to the April Lippincott's. It is entitled "A Gentleman Raider." Miss Sewall, it will be remembered, won the \$3000 prize offered by the New York Herald for the best novelette, a few years ago, with "The Spontaneous Romance of Marcus."

May Be True.

This story may not be true, the downtown motor car dealer on whom it is said to be based, but a certain poignancy still remains.

The dealer got out of his car at Eighth and Main streets Friday morning to buy a toy motor car from a hawker who has a stand under the viaduct.

"I'll take that car," said the dealer, pointing at a toy watch was spinning around on the table.

The hawker reached in his sack and drew out another.

"That one isn't for sale," he said, grinning. "It's my demonstration car."

It is related that after that the hawker and the motor car dealer cordially shook hands—but no sale was made.—New Orleans Picayune.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children with the best results. It cures colic, soothes the stomach, and relieves the bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of infants and children. It is a household necessity for every family.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Avoid dragging about what you have; it is a mark of low breeding.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the query, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded, must be sent in plain envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1908.

NOTES.

VARS FAMILY IN AMERICA.—I was prompted to write this on the 118th anniversary of the birth of Isaac Vars (5)—born July 8th, 1788. A descendant of one of the most ancient families of the French Nobility.

Isaac Vars (6) Esq. born at the Vars Homestead in Westerly, R. I., July 6th, 1788. July 6th, 1806 is the 118th anniversary of his birth. He died July 30th, 1870, aged 82 years.

An outline sketch or extracts of the Vars family in America from the family history written by Nelson B. (6) Vars; which also contains much interesting historical matter of the family in France from dates as early as 1100 A. D., down to 1906, 900 years.

In about the year 1880, John De Vars, a native of southern France, bearing the favorable reports of the new settlement in the New England of America, decided to visit the country to see it for himself. Accordingly, he made the voyage to the new world. Amongst the places visited was Newport, then but a small town or settlement. Its natural beauties and advantages of location, both of land and water, combined with salubrious climate, were admirably suited to his mind; so much so, that he there decided to make it his future home. He being wealthy could do as he pleased. He had left his wife Mary and their only child Isaac, then but a small child of one or two years of age, at his home in France. Thereupon he returned to France, disposed of his property by turning it into money, of which he had plenty; engaged a ship to take him and his little family to Newport. But fate or a wicked man was against him, for he was taken sick and died at sea, and the young wife with her child was landed at Newport, the Captain of the ship giving her such a portion of their property as he pleased to; saying he had given her enough for her use, and he wished away with the principal part of their wealth. It is evident that the Captain of the ship caused the death of John De Vars for the sake of robbery.

The young wife, now robbed of her husband and his fortune, was put on shore among strangers in a strange land, more than three thousand miles from home, and no means of communication to apprehend the murderer and robber.

The widow and child, Isaac De Vars, remained in Newport until the year 1700, when she became acquainted with, and married Theodatus Rhodes, who was a real estate speculator, buying land in Westerly and Charlestown from the Indian Chief, having it surveyed and platted, and selling it to white settlers.

In 1702 I find by deeds he is in Westerly; in 1707, January 23 he bought the land which became the Vars Homestead, and the farm on the south of it. On the 10th of February, 1707, 60 acres were deeded by Rhodes and wife to her son, Isaac De Vars, which is still the Vars Homestead.

Isaac, now being young man, set about clearing the land and building a house for himself, whilst Rhodes had the land on the south cleared and a fine house built for himself and family, which consisted of his wife, Isaac's mother and his, Rhodes, four daughters by his first wife, he being widower when he married the widow of John De Vars.

On March 26th, 1708, Isaac De Vars married Rebecca Larkin, daughter of Edward Larkin, a settler about 13 miles to the west of the Vars place.

Rhodes died April 10th, 1733, and his widow, the mother of Isaac De Vars, about 1740. Isaac died about 1780, aged about 80 years. Isaac and wife had children as follows:—

1st. Theodatus (3) Vars, born October 6th, 1710.

2nd. Mary (3) Vars, born May 25th, 1712.

3rd. A daughter (3), who was born died 1715.

4th. Anne (3) Vars, born Sept 7th, 1718.

Theodatus Vars was the first Vars child born in America. He married Mary Dodge in Westerly, December 21st, 1782. By this union the Vars and Dodge families became connected. They had six children, as follows:—

1st. Isaac (4) Vars, born October 25th, 1788.

2nd. John (4) Vars, b. 1795.

3rd. Mary (4) Vars, b. 1797.

4th. Catharine (4) Vars, b. 1788.

5th. Rebecca (4) Vars, born November 2, 1718.

6th. Sarah (4) Vars, b. October 31, 1740.

(To be Continued.)

ANSWERS.

6028. SMITH.—The sons of Richard Smith of L. I., married as follows: Richard (2) born about 1617, died 1720, married Hannah, daughter of John Tooker, who survived him and died about 1780. The record of their children reads:—

"Richard son of Richard Smith was born 1618. Day of April about 10 o'clock at night in the year of our Lord 1698."

Nathaniel Smith was born the 30 day January about 2 o'clock in the afternoon in the year of our Lord 1697-8.

Sarah Smith the daughter of Richard Smith was born 13 day of February a Sunday in the afternoon in the year of our Lord 1700.

Hannah Smith the daughter of Richard Smith was born 29 day of February in the year of our Lord 1702-8.

Ebenezer Smith the son of Richard Smith was born 15 twentieth day of February about 2 o'clock in the afternoon in the year of our Lord 1712-1.

Adam (2), son of Richard (1), died about 1720. He married Elizabeth

Brown of Boston, and left an only son Edmund who married (1) Hannah daughter of Richard Floyd, and (2) Mary daughter of Henry Smith. Deborah (2) daughter of Richard (1) married 1680 Major Wm. Lawrence. It was Deborah (3) (Jonathan (2) Richard (1)) who married Joseph Bydewburgh. (Pelletreau's Smithtown L. I., pp. 485, 475).—L. B. C.

6630. CARR.—Ann Carr was daughter of George Carr and his second wife Elizabeth.—He died at Salisbury, Mass., Apr. 4, 1652, and his wife died there May 6, 1691. Their daughter Ann was born there June 15, 1691. She married Thomas Putnam and lived in Salem during the witchcraft delusion. Their daughter Ann Putnam was born about 1690.

(From "Carr Family Records.")—L. B. C.

6631. BUDLONG.—Francis Budlong, freeman of Warwick, R. I., 1672, married March 19, 1669, Rebecca daughter of John Lippitt of Providence 1638, and Warwick 1648, who died not long after May 22, 1669, when he deeded his house lot and dwelling to his son Moses. Rebecca was the widow of Joseph Howard, at the time of her marriage to Francis Budlong. In Nov. 1676 he and his wife and family, excepting one son, were killed by Indians. This son John Budlong, born in Warwick 1672, was also captured but delivered up to his uncle, Moses Lippitt, by whom he was brought up and educated. He died in Warwick Oct. 4, 1744. His wife was Isabel daughter of John and Ruth (Fisher) Potter, born in Warwick Oct. 17, 1674 died 1731. (Budlong Pedigree, and Potter Genealogy).—L. B. C.

Block Island.

Weather Observer W. L. Day supplies a review of April weather taken from the records of twenty-seven years in his office.

The mean temperature of the month has been 44. In 1908 the high temperatures put the average up to 47, while in 1888 and 1907 the mean temperature recorded was 41. The highest April record was 72, on April 29, 1903, and the lowest that of 25, on April 5, 6 and 7 in 1881 and April 6, 1887. The average date on which killing frost has occurred in the spring is April 12, although in 1900 a frost wiped vegetation as late as May 11.

The average Block Island precipitation for April has been 3.66 inches, with rain on 11 days of the month amounting to .01 of an inch or more. The greatest total monthly precipitation was in 1901, when 6.53 inches were recorded. In 1888 the month brought but 1.35 inches, notwithstanding the reputation of the month for showers and the like. On April 8 and 9, 1897, 3.73 inches were recorded. On April 6, 1899, there was a fall of 3.8 inches of snow. The average relative humidity has been 80, at 8 a. m., and 82, at 8 p. m.

The average number of clear days has been 11, partly cloudy 11 and cloudy 5. The prevailing winds are from the southwest, with an average hourly velocity of 16 miles. A gale swooped down on the island on April 28, 1898, from the northeast at a rate of 72 miles an hour.

Middletown.

Rev. Harold H. Critchfield is attending the New England Southern Conference which is being held in Bristol and which began on Wednesday.

Services, during the past two Sundays, have been held at the Methodist Parsonage. Sunday being "Conference Sunday" the meetings will be omitted for the day. On April 12, the regular services will be resumed at the Middletown town hall where they will continue to be held until the new church is ready for occupancy, which it is hoped may be in the early fall. The church was so prominent a landmark that its removal seems quite a loss to everyone. This is especially true in the evening, for the large white structure was quite a guide in the dark and many have recently remarked that they were at loss to know just where they were—they were so used to finding their location by means of the "Four Corner Meeting House."

The Citizens' Association held one of the largest gatherings which had been held at Oakland Hall in years, on Monday evening, the occasion being one of their popular socials and suppers. Over 250 people were present. The hall presented an unusually attractive appearance, having been decorated for this occasion by Landers of Newport. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. Music was furnished by the Frank T. Peckham orchestra, assisted by two members of the Newport Band and by Mrs. William Spooner, who presided at the piano.

A bountiful collation, comprising cold meats and rolls, oyster stew, cake, coffee, and ice cream was served to 235 from 8 o'clock to 10 in the upper dining hall. Later in the evening, Mr. Philip Caswell, in behalf of the entertainment committee, Messrs. Chester B. Brown, William R. Hunter, and Dennis J. Murphy presented to the organization a large handsome American flag, 6 by 12 feet. The flag was received by Mr. Philip A. Brown with an appropriate speech of acceptance. The presentation remarks made by Mr. Caswell were unusually interesting and were of especial historical value as giving an account of the American flag from its first use in 1776. At that time there were 13 stripes but no stars. In 1791 it was decided to place as many stars as stripes but in 1818 Congress passed a resolution establishing the 13 stripes as a permanent remembrance of the 13 original colonies and deciding to add stars as new states entered.

The flag just presented was made especially for this occasion and contained 49 stars, the 49th star representing the new state of Oklahoma.

The Citizens' Association will present the flag to the Town Council at their next meeting and through them it will be presented as a gift to the town. It is hoped that a small may be erected at the town hall so that the flag may be used on all public occasions.

A final rally was held at the town hall on Tuesday evening by the Young Men's Republican Club, some 100 members being present, in spite of the rain. Mr. John R. Avelin presided, and the speakers of the evening included Edward S. Rawson of Newport, Republican delegate from the first district of Rhode Island, to the National Republican Convention to be held in June at Chicago, Mr. Reuben Wallace Peckham, Mr. W. Clarence Peckham, and Mr. Charles H. Ward of Middletown. A salad supper was served. The meeting throughout was marked with much enthusiasm.

The Berkeley Men's Club held its monthly business meeting on Wednesday evening at the Parish House. The list of charter members which is now

closed includes the names of 32 gentlemen. Those desiring to join the Club from now on will be received by ballot. The social hour to be given at the meeting of Aqueduct Grange next Thursday will be in charge of the steward, Mr. George W. Smith of Newport, and his assistants, and will be a musical and literary entertainment.

The Confirmation Class which has been held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel each Friday through Lent will be omitted for the first two weeks in April owing to the absence of Rev. Latta Griswold. They will be resumed on Easter morning at 10 o'clock, and will be held each Sabbath until Confirmation at which time, May 10, the Rev. Bishop McVicar will make his annual visitation at the Chapel.

The Epworth League will give its annual "Egg Supper" on Tuesday evening of next week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward on Honeyman Hill.

Mrs. Alden P. Barker of Paradise avenue has been entertaining the past week her brother, Mr. Edward L. Smith of Colorado.

Many of the young people of the town, who are attending colleges and universities out of town, are at home on their Easter vacations.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1091, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1908, and returnable to the said Court July 13th, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1907, in favor of Cassius F. Pinard, of the City of New York, plaintiff, against John F. J. O'Connor, of the City of Newport in the County and State aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock, a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant John F. J. O'Connor, had on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: Northernly, 4 feet, by Mill street, Easternly, 8.61 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood, Southernly, 40 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood, Westernly, 8.61 feet, by land of John Henry Tilley, or his heirs or assigns, the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock, a. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

4-14w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Providence, March 31, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the Senate and House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled "An Act amending Chapter 827 of the Public Laws so that Women, as well as Men, may Vote for Presidential Electors."

In Committee Room 302, State House, Providence, on April 3, 1908, upon the rising of the House.

PHILIP A. MONEY, Chairman.

BRAYTON A. RAND, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Providence, April 1, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 173 entitled "An Act relating to telegraph companies and defining certain duties to be performed by said companies and their agents, and penalty for failure to perform the same;" also H. R. 78 entitled "An Act providing for special rates for pupils in all free and public schools of the State upon railroads throughout the State."

In Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, April 1, 1908, upon the rising of the House.

JAMES HARRIS, Chairman.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk.

30 Weybosset street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Providence, April 4, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 101 entitled "An Act to prevent public service and other corporations from contributing money for political purposes."

In Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, April 3, 1908, upon the rising of the House.

JAMES HARRIS, Chairman.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk.

30 Weybosset street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Providence, April 4, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 101 entitled "An Act to prevent public service and other corporations from contributing money for political purposes."

In Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, April 3, 1908, upon the rising of the House.

JAMES HARRIS, Chairman.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk.

30 Weybosset street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Providence, April 4, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 101 entitled "An Act to prevent public service and other corporations from contributing money for political purposes."

In Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, April 3, 1908, upon the rising of the House.

JAMES HARRIS, Chairman.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk.

30 Weybosset street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Providence, April 4, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 101 entitled "An Act to prevent public service and other corporations from contributing money for political purposes."

Think It Over.

Doubt, without the curiosity to find out, will put more barnacles on a man than anything else in the world. Many a shopper is losing many a dollar, many a day, by disbelieving and then not taking the trouble to find out.

Here's a Dining Chair.

'Twas advertised in the Boston papers the other day at \$2.75. It's a fine chair, as worthy as it can be. Made of clear white oak with box seat, hand caped, a bannister back, quarter sawed and polished. The big expense that city stores are under may make it necessary for them to get \$2.75 for this chair; but here in Newport our price is

\$2.25

A car load store with small town expense. That's why.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



An Extension Set

at your elbow will save jumping up and down to answer the

TELEPHONE.

Consult Us for Rates.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

March 26th, 1908.

Estate of Dennis W. Sheehan.

REQUEST in writing made by Julia A. Sheehan, Administratrix of the estate of Dennis W. Sheehan, late of said Newport, deceased, insolvent, that this Court appoint a commissioner or commissioners, to examine and determine a certain claim filed in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court and disallowed by said Administratrix; and the said request is received and referred to the Probate Court on Monday, the twenty-eighth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DONNAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

March 16, A. D. 1907.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Administratrix on the estate of

GEORGE E. WARD,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court her first and final account with said estate, and her petition for an order of distribution of the balance which may be found in her hands as such Administratrix.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account and petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

March 16, A. D. 1907.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

March 16, A. D. 1907.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

March 16, A. D. 1907.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

March 16, A. D. 1907.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.

March 16, A. D. 1907.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.